

# JOHN WILLIAMS

THE MARTYR MISSIONARY  
OF POLYNESIA



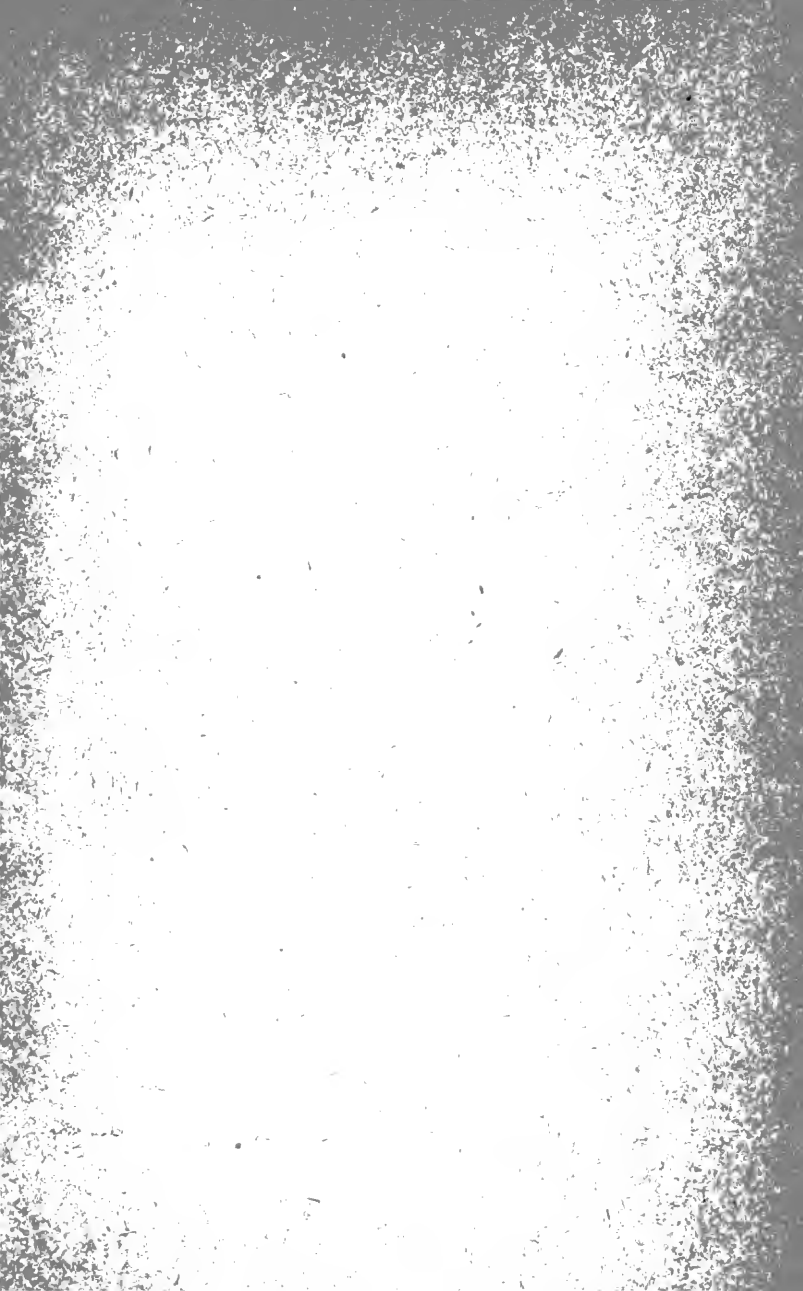
REV. JAS. J. ELLIS



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"BOTH OF THEM COMMENCED BEATING HIM WITH THEIR CLUBS."—Page 151.

# JOHN WILLIAMS

The Martyr Missionary of Polynesia.

BY

REV. JAMES J. ELLIS.

“A man who has achieved for himself a deathless fame, and concerning whom generations to come will doubtless feel a laudable and reverential curiosity.”—DR. CAMPBELL, ON JOHN WILLIAMS.

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## NOTE

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHOR OF THIS VOLUME

BY THE

REV. S. TAMATOA WILLIAMS



CATFORD, *31st October*, 1889.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have read over and corrected the proof sheets of your *Life of my beloved father*, and in compliance with your request, certify to its general accuracy. May I point out one feature of his work as deserving of notice?—viz., his early employment of native teachers. My father had a good insight into character, and could select and train suitable men for the great work. He was the first of our modern missionaries to use native agents to pioneer the way for more cultured workers. This employment of native teachers has been a striking feature of our South Sea Mission, and may in some degree account for its rapid extension under the Divine blessing.

With good wishes for the success of your little work,

I am, DEAR SIR,

Yours faithfully,

S. TAMATOA WILLIAMS.



## PREFACE.

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**J**OHN WILLIAMS must ever occupy a prominent and unique position among missionary heroes. His remarkable mechanical genius, his romantic adventures, and, above all, his tragical death, continue to invest his name with a peculiar charm. His place among the champions of the Cross is peculiarly his own, and in his own form of service, he is certainly inferior to neither Carey nor any other of the mighty men of Mission renown. The chastened sweetness of his disposition, which never degenerated into weakness, his ingenuity in devising expedients, and his resolute persistence in what often appeared to be labour in vain, together with the large heartedness that could "not be confined within the limits of a single reef," constitute him, in the writer's judgment, the very Prince of Missionaries, since the days of the Apostle of the Gentiles.

An attentive study of his private journals has

deepened the writer's reverence for the hero of his youth, and he is at present at a loss whether to admire more the greatness or the persistent goodness of the Apostle of Polynesia.

In these days, when Missionary operations are keenly scrutinised, and not always, it must be confessed, in the most friendly spirit, it is inspiring to observe in John Williams the heights to which Christian magnanimity and consecration have risen ; and, while thankful that such a man has lived to reveal to us the possibilities of life, his career is surely also a promise of missionary heroes, and perhaps, alas, of martyrs, yet to come.

In estimating accurately his character and work, it is essential to a correct judgment that we should seek to realise the conditions under which he laboured. In the first place, he was not inspired and encouraged by a great enthusiasm from home such as stimulates the present workers on the Congo for example. In his day the Missionary Societies were feeble and intensely cautious. They crept tenderly along the shores, being especially anxious not to lose sight of familiar headlines, and nervously fearful lest they should venture too far into deep water. They were horrified when this bold sailor ventured out into what they supposed to be hazardous experiments, but he did not suffer shipwreck or loss. The wreckage that was floated to him, revealed the unknown Continent he sought, and he went on until he discovered it. To him must therefore be assigned much of that anticipatory wisdom which becomes common property in

succeeding generations ; he set the standard by which subsequent labourers have toiled.

It must not be forgotten, that during the greater part of his life-time, he laboured in comparative obscurity. It was not until after his visit to England that he was fully recognised as one of the master spirits which from time to time are given by Christ to His Church. Hence his success was not the reflex action of approval, as success is (without blame) in some instances, but it was solely the product of the principles which animated him wherever his lot was cast, and whatever he attempted to do. And whether building a vessel or translating the Scriptures, he was the same simple, earnest and affectionate disciple of Jesus and brother of men. Being such as he was, success was natural ; not to have succeeded would have been a greater wonder still than even his marvellous triumph.

The authorities upon which the present narrative is based are first, Williams' own matchless "Missionary Enterprises in the South Seas," a book as refreshing as it is interesting, because imbued with the writer's own gracious spirit ; Prout's valuable biography, now out of print ; "The Missionary's Farewell ;" "The Martyr of Erromanga ;" "Euthanasia ;" the Chronicles and History of the London Missionary Society, together with the original journals of Messrs. Williams and Cunningham, and the narrative of an anonymous writer on board the *Camden* at the time of the massacre.

The Author desires to gratefully acknowledge his

indebtedness to his friend, the Rev. Samuel Tamatoa Williams, who not only supplied valuable information, but has also kindly corrected the narrative ; to William Williams, Esq., who placed all the letters and journals of his lamented father at the writer's disposal, and to numerous other friends, who have rendered valuable service.

It is believed that some incidents of the present volume are now published for the first time.

RICHMOND, SURREY.







# JOHN WILLIAMS.

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## CHAPTER I.

A WORD WITH MANY ECHOES.

1796-1816.

“She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone or despise ;  
For nought that sets the mind at ease,  
And giveth happiness and peace,  
Is low esteemed in her eyes.”

J. R. LOWELL.

A YOUNG man stood near a street corner in the City Road, London. The light of the lamps fell full upon his somewhat large features and tall form ; and, although only eighteen years of age, his frame gave abundant promise of great physical strength. It was Sunday evening, January the 3rd, 1814, and the bells were chiming for service. Although in the habit of attending Divine worship, he did not heed them, as he was waiting for the arrival of some companions with whom he intended

visiting the Highbury Tea Gardens, in the North of London. That young man's name was John Williams.

Upon Ruskin's principle of "Tell me what you like and I will tell you what you are," John Williams' delight in such pleasures as a tavern garden afforded showed to what degradation this son of a Christian mother had sunk. He himself has said of this period of his life, "My course though not outwardly immoral, was very wicked. I was regardless of the holy Sabbath, a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God, I often scoffed at the name of Christ and His religion, and totally neglected those things which alone can afford solid consolation."

While he thus lingered, impatiently waiting for his friends, who were most providentially late, a lady passed him. She at once recognised the young man as one of her husband's apprentices. Prompted by one of those irresistible impulses which are proved by their results to be the inspiration of God, she spoke to him. He told her of his disappointment, and Mrs. Tonkin—for such was the lady's name—invited him to accompany her to the Old Whitfield Tabernacle, situated near the City Road. He refused, but she continued to urge her request. At length, wearied out by her importunity, and also a little influenced by annoyance at his companions' unpunctuality, he yielded, and entered the chapel. This was the turning point in his life; in Carlyle's words he "was henceforth a Christian man; believed in God not on Sundays only, but on all days, in all places, and in all cases."

Twenty-four years after that memorable evening, John Williams, then about to start upon his second voyage to the South Seas, in a crowded assembly,

thronging the Whitfield Tabernacle, which building has since been pulled down, thus alluded to his conversion :—" I have the door in my view at the present moment at which I entered, and I have all the circumstances of that important era in my history vividly impressed on my mind, and I have in my eye at this instant the particular spot on which I took my seat. I have also a distinct impression of the powerful sermon that was that evening preached by the excellent Mr. East, now of Birmingham. Mr. East that evening took for his text, one of the most impressive portions of inspired writ, ' What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' (Mark viii. 36, 37). God was pleased in His own gracious providence to influence my mind at that time so powerfully that I forsook all my worldly companions, and became a teacher in the Sabbath-school connected with this place. Many a Sabbath afterwards did I sit upon the form now in my sight with my class, and impart that knowledge to them which God in His gracious goodness had given to me."

Well might he further remark, " Little did that female friend who took me by the hand, and conducted me to this place of worship at that time—little did she imagine what would be the result of her kind effort! Oh, friends, what momentous consequences in the providence of God are poised upon comparatively insignificant incidents. It shows what may be done for God by comparatively insignificant persons—persons who are of no note in the Christian Church."

" At the age of twenty-two, I feel I have still to begin to live," said John Foster. On Sunday evening,

January the 3rd, 1814, John Williams made the same discovery ; then also he really began to live, for from thenceforth he lived by faith in the Son of God.

Before, however, pursuing his after course, we must go back and look upon another picture.

In the reign of James the First, two yeomen knelt by the roadside near Witney, Oxfordshire. John and James Williams were brothers ; they had been expelled by the Bishop of Bangor from his diocese for nonconformity. At that time there were no Bibles in Wales except in the churches ; and the establishment there was served by men who did not understand Welsh. The Bishop of Bangor records in his journal, that during a visitation of his diocese, he found that in some parishes there had been no preaching for five or six years ; and in others, the graveyard was employed as a stackyard, and the vicar's saddles and beehives were stored in the Church. Yet, because these brothers absented themselves from services which they could not understand—because, conducted in what was to them a foreign tongue—services, moreover, conducted by men like Sir John Edwards, “who spent most of his time in public-houses,”—they were banished from the Principality.

The two exiles were Baptists, and joined a church of that persuasion at Langworth, Berkshire. But they were not suffered to rest long in Langworth, so they wandered until at length they came into the neighbourhood of Witney. They were hungry, poor, and friendless, and they knew not whither to go for shelter. Kneeling down by the roadside, they prayed for guidance and help, and after the custom of those times, they asked a sign from God to indicate their future course. Rising from their knees, they confidently threw a straw into the air, and walked in the

direction of its fall. Towards night-time they found themselves in the village of Coate. There they requested permission of a farmer to sleep in his barn. He allowed them to do so, and the next morning, being somewhat interested in their appearance, he questioned them and heard their story. He at once offered them employment, which they accepted, and they entered his service at once. One of them, James Williams, subsequently married the farmer's daughter, the other remained unmarried all his days. The brothers appear to have prospered in Coate, as there is a record of their having purchased land there. But they retained in their prosperity the faith for which they had suffered the loss of all things, for they erected a Baptist chapel in the village, which is still used for Divine service. The son or grandson of this James Williams became one of Cromwell's Ironsides; he was called Black Williams, and retired to Coate at the Restoration. A much later descendant of James Williams removed to Oxford; his son Richard was the father of the future missionary.

The mother of John Williams was a Miss Maidment. Her father, who resided over his business in St. Paul's Churchyard, was a china and glass merchant; the firm traded under the names of Maidment & Neale, the business being now removed to Cannon Street. Miss Maidment during her youth had attended the ministry of the famous Romaine, the author of "The Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith," who was then so popular that it was said, "people came from the country to see Garrick act, and to hear Romaine preach." Mr. Maidment was a personal friend of the preacher, and for a long time Mr. Romaine conducted a weekly service at his friend's house in St. Paul's Churchyard. After her marriage, and consequent

removal from London to her husband's house in Oxford, Mrs. Williams worshipped with the Baptists of that city, of whom the Rev. John Hinton was the minister. Subsequently, Mrs. Williams with her husband removed from Oxford to Tottenham, six miles north of London. In this quiet country village, as it was then, the young couple lived for some years. In a little house upon the brow of the hill, just beyond the Green, and situated between the spot where the Congregational Chapel now stands and the High Cross, their son John, the future Apostle of Polynesia, was born, on the 27th of June, 1796. Of his boyhood no anecdotes have been preserved, but we learn that he was cheerful, active, and intensely affectionate, and gave early proof of his remarkable mechanical genius. Perhaps the most noticeable feature of his youthful character was the faculty that one of his fellow workers in the South Seas thus describes:—"Williams," says Mr. Pitman, "was possessed of a peculiar talent which at once *won* upon the natives, whether chiefs or common people." As a boy he won upon his acquaintances and friends. His mother attended the old Independent Chapel at Edmonton, nearly two miles distant from her home; and with her boy she regularly occupied a pew in the right hand corner of the end gallery facing the pulpit. For education, John went still farther; his school in Lower Edmonton was nearly three miles from Tottenham High Cross. Here, however, he was only taught writing and arithmetic. His mother was probably his chief instructor, as she certainly was his best; every day she assembled her children in her chamber in order to teach and to pray with them. When the time came for him to commence the toil of life, he was apprenticed for seven years to Mr. Tonkin, a furnishing

ironmonger, who kept a shop in the City Road. His indentures, dated the 27th of March, 1810, showed that he was not to undertake the laborious part of the business; and he was to acquire only so much of the retail department as would enable him to manage a business of his own. His parents, about this time, removed from Tottenham to a house in Spencer Street, Goswell Road, London, probably in order to be near their son.

"Every man's best education is that which he gives himself," remarked Wilberforce; it certainly proved so in this instance. After mastering all that was required of him, although he was not intended to be a mechanic, John Williams lost no opportunity of acquiring a practical knowledge of his trade. In his moments of leisure he visited the workshops and minutely watched the workmen, and during their absence he made experiments in metal working. After a short time, this almost self-taught mechanic became so proficient that any article requiring extra skill in its manufacture was always entrusted to him. It is said that such pleasure did he find in his work, that he would cheerfully shoulder the necessary tools, and hasten to any job that might come in, as if he were merely an ordinary mechanic. But while he thus taught himself that which was of priceless value to him in after years, he did not, in acquiring mechanical aptitude, neglect the duties which were his special charge. On the contrary, so competent did he become in the shop, that for a long time the entire management of the business was entrusted to him. We have now narrated his history up to the Sunday evening already referred to.

An earnest clergyman of Yorkshire, during the great revival under Whitfield and Wesley, was wont

to say, "I do love those one-eyed Christians." John Williams became a one-eyed Christian. He resolutely and completely broke from the world, and threw himself ardently into Christian service. In September, 1814, he became a member of the Tabernacle Church, and began immediately to labour as a Sunday School teacher, tract distributer and sick visitor. At least one soul was converted by his earnest efforts in those days. Conscious of his own deficiencies, which knowledge is one of the benefits of doing good, he joined a Mutual Improvement Society, which met every Monday evening for the discussion of some important topic. A class conducted by the eccentric Rev. Mathew Wilks was probably of the greatest benefit to John Williams at this period. This class was composed of young men who were preparing to enter the Christian ministry, and Mr. Wilks, a keen judge of character, invited John to join it. Mr. Wilks, among many other excellences, was an ardent missionary advocate, and once a quarter he held a missionary meeting in the Tabernacle for the purpose of diffusing missionary information. At one of these meetings, held in the autumn of 1815, Mr. Wilks announced the conversion of Pomare, the King of Tahiti, and many of his subjects to Christianity. After a long period of waiting, the natives had become *Bure Atua*, or praying people, and in consequence there was a great need for additional missionaries. Mr. Wilks in communicating these good tidings, emphasised the call for helpers, and John felt a secret response to this appeal. The desire, at first hidden, then cherished as a remote possibility, grew stronger, until he felt himself called indeed of God to this work; and, after adequate enquiry, Mr. Wilks counselled him to write to the Directors of the London Missionary Society. His application was



made in July, 1816, and in this interesting document, after describing his anxiety and care in examining his motives, he says, with characteristic conscientiousness and sincerity, "I have endeavoured to be as frank and plain as possible. If this, and the account which the Rev. Mathew Wilks can give of me, should not meet with your conscientious approbation, I hope, pray, and trust, that you will on no account, for the sake of my soul, offer me the least encouragement." He was, however, immediately accepted, and Mr. Tonkin released him willingly from the seven months that yet remained of his apprenticeship.

Until his ordination, which took place in Surrey Chapel, on September the 3rd, 1816, he read and studied under the direction of the Rev. Mathew Wilks. With eight companions, he was solemnly set apart for missionary labour. Henceforth his motto might well have been Dr. Judson's famous words, "devoted for life," for such he really was. At this solemn meeting Dr. Waugh thus addressed John Williams: "Go, dear young brother, and if thy tongue cleave to the roof of thy mouth, let it be with teaching poor sinners of the love of Jesus Christ; and if thy arm drop from thy shoulder, let it be by knocking at men's hearts to gain admission for Him there." Robert Moffat was one of the eight new missionaries, and it was at first intended that these two should be sent out together. But Dr. Waugh visited Mr. Wilks, and expressed his opinion that "tha' twa callants were ower young ta gang t'gether." So Moffat went to Africa, and John Williams to his wonderful "enterprises" in the South Seas. But he did not go out alone; his young wife accompanied him; of her some account must now be given.

The Mongols, we are told, strangely believe that

there is a race of half men existing somewhere upon this earth ; two individuals of which must be united in order to constitute a complete being. This may stand as a parable ; even a Christian man is incomplete until he is happily married. Much of the unhappiness of life arises from the fact that sometimes the wrong halves are united ; John Williams happily found the fitting and completing half to his own life in Mary Chauner. Of this lady, one who was well able to judge said, "In Christian heroism she proved the equal of her intrepid husband, and in patient endurance his superior. It is not flattery but simple justice to say that she was in all points worthy of the honoured man to whose happiness and success she so largely contributed." Mary Chauner, at the time of her first acquaintance with John Williams, resided with her mother in Spencer Street, Goswell Road, London. Her father had once possessed considerable landed property near Cheadle, in Staffordshire, where his ancestors had resided since the Norman conquest. A law suit about some extensive estates near Lichfield, to which he was heir, exhausted nearly all his patrimony. While in London upon business connected with this action, he visited the Whitfield Tabernacle, and heard John Hyatt preach. His glowing account of the sermon inspired his wife and daughter with a great desire to hear this remarkable preacher. Their wishes were gratified in an unexpected manner, for, in the year 1808, Denston Hall, their ancestral home, was sold, and they therefore came to London. Mary Chauner, the youngest daughter of this family, had long been the subject of deep religious impressions, which, although not saving at that time, were not lost ; and upon her coming to London they were deepened, and she became a

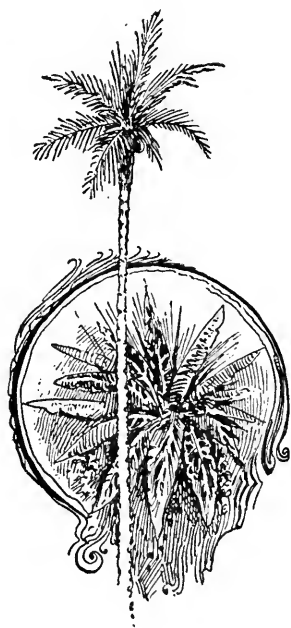
member of the Tabernacle. Like her future husband, she caught the missionary fervour of Mr. Wilks, and her constant prayer at this time was "that she might be sent to the heathen to tell them of the love of Christ."

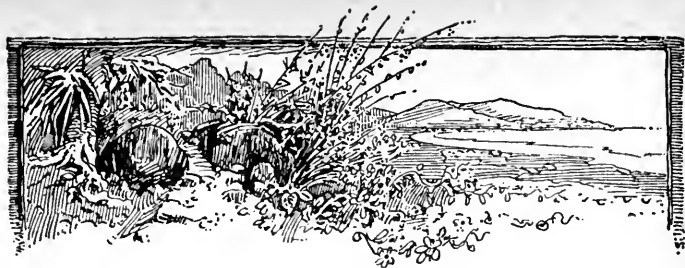
On the 29th of October, 1816, she was married to John Williams. Two portraits of the bride and bridegroom, taken at this time, have been preserved in the London Missionary Society's Museum. In these the bride is shown with a slight girlish figure, and small features, and fine eyes; her mouth might perhaps be considered by the over-critical as a blemish, but if it be so, it is amply atoned for by the sweetness of the face. Gentleness and strength are suggested by the winsome features. Her husband appears indeed "over young," but there is an expression of attractiveness about his profile that in some degree accounts for the strong friendship that he inspired.

On the 17th of November, 1816, the missionaries embarked in the *Harriet* for Sydney, from which port they had to re-ship for the South Seas.

Almost immediately after his going on board, Mr. Williams busied himself in making his cabin as comfortable as might be. Writing to his sister from Gravesend, he calls the ship "his home." While on shore he had been asked the time, and had replied, "I have left my watch *at home*." "I am glad that you find the ship to be so," was the answer. "And it is so," added Mr. Williams. In this ability to make for himself a home wherever he might be, no doubt lay one of the secrets of his happiness and success. It is a fine test of character, as to whether a man is desolate or at home; for home is rather a reflection of the spirit's own light than a product of external

things. Such men as John Williams carry the elements of home within their own bosoms, and therefore attract and help less fortunate spirits. Therefore do thou be a home-maker wherever thy lot may be cast.





## CHAPTER II.

### A STRANGER WITH MANY FRIENDS.

1816-1822.

“He gave to God his manhood’s prime,  
With a stout heart and true.”

“And his own heart was still so young,  
It lighted up his cheek ;  
Some lovely story charmed his tongue,  
When he assayed to speak.”

PAXTON HOOD.

JOHN WILLIAMS, during his voyage to the South Seas, carefully examined every part of the vessel in which he sailed. He probably did not know, at that time, how invaluable was the knowledge which he thus acquired. As little could he have imagined the great enterprises which this information would suggest to him. This exercise of his powers of minute observation and the consequent training of his memory, were undoubtedly of incalculable value to him. Thus unconsciously fitting himself for his peculiar form of service, the voyage to Rio de Janeiro was made with profit, and happily without a storm. At Rio, Mr. and Mrs. Threlkeld—

his future colleagues at Raiatea—joined him. Here, also, Mr. Williams was deeply affected when he observed the abject superstition and degradation of the people. At Rio, he saw for the first time human beings exposed in booths for sale like cattle. He was so distressed at the dreadful spectacle that he went home and wept bitterly. His sympathy with this “human soot” nearly cost him his life. The freedom of his utterances respecting slavery enraged one man so much that he attempted to stab Mr. Williams. The latter, however, happily eluded the blow, but he was too prudent to venture upon shore again in such a place as Rio. The mission party, after leaving Rio, sailed for Sydney, which port they reached on the 2nd of May, 1817. After re-shipping, they sighted Tahiti on the 16th of the following November; and landed at Eimeo, a neighbouring island, which was the missionary settlement, on the 17th. Like all visitors, Mr. Williams greatly admired the natural beauties of the island, but he was still more delighted with the people, who had so recently been steeped in heathenism. Like Robert Raikes, he chiefly delighted in botanising on human nature; imperfect as the people necessarily were, an immense improvement had been effected among them in a very short space of time. But Mr. Williams was too unceasingly active and practical to be satisfied with interested observation; his every-day working sympathy detected the fact that a vessel was the first requisite of the natives. One had indeed been laid down three years before, and it was resolved to complete her at once. Mr. Williams undertook the iron work, and by eight or ten days of energetic labour she was finished. Pomare, the king, named her the *Hawies*, and employed her to trade between his island and New

South Wales. This *Hawies* was the first of five vessels that were constructed by Mr. Williams during his missionary career, a truly wonderful achievement when it is remembered that not only had he never received instruction in shipbuilding, but that he had not even examined a ship previous to his voyage in the *Harriet*. It is not only a proof that "things out of hope are compassed oft by venturing," but it is an example of concentration similar to that of the ancient king, who "in every work that he began in the service of the house of God . . . did it with all his heart, and prospered."

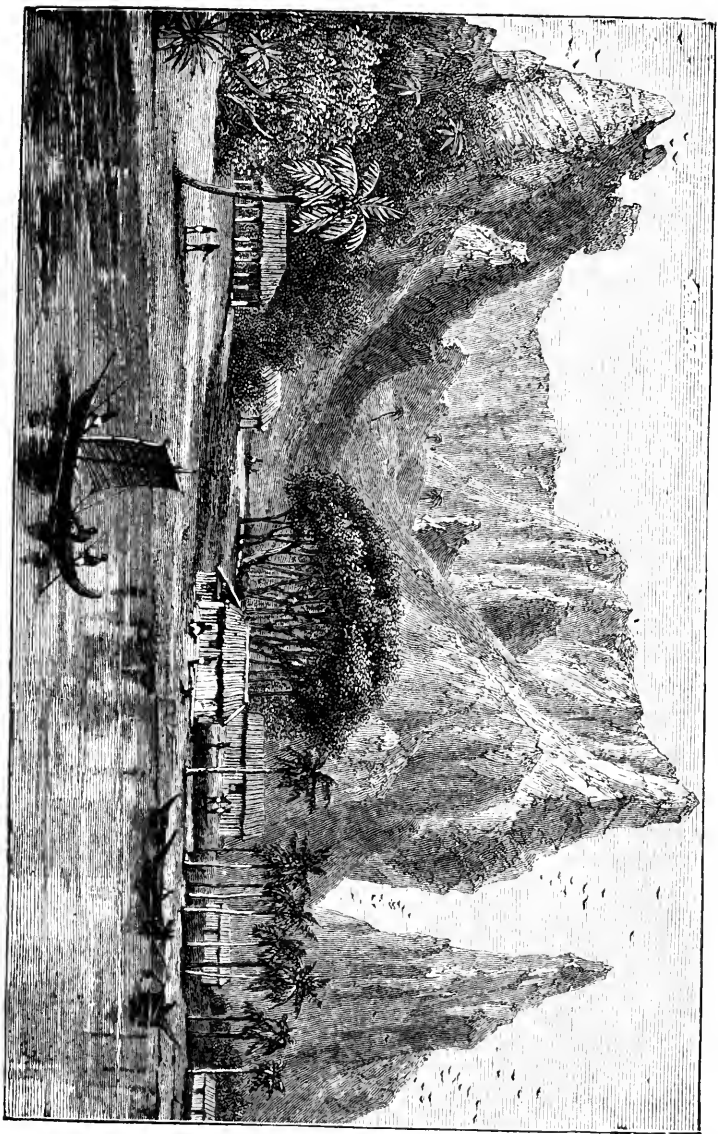
Nor was Mr. Williams less successful in studying the native language. He chose, it is true, a method of his own ; for, instead of poring over grammar and lexicon, he moved freely among the people, talking and listening to their conversation. To the great astonishment of his seniors, who assigned three years as a reasonable period for the acquisition, he was able by this method to preach in Tahitian before ten months had elapsed. During this season of acquiring the tool of language, his eldest son John, afterwards British Consul in Samoa, was born. This was on the 9th of January, 1818.

While John Williams was thus studying, and by working preparing himself for his as yet unknown sphere of work, events had been as certainly making ready a place for him. Several chiefs from the Society Islands had long before come to assist Pomare to recover the sovereignty which had been wrested from him. They had, during their absence from home, acquired some knowledge of the Gospel. After their return to their native islands, a vessel had been driven by a tempest from its moorings at Eimeo, and had reached Raiatea. The missionaries who were

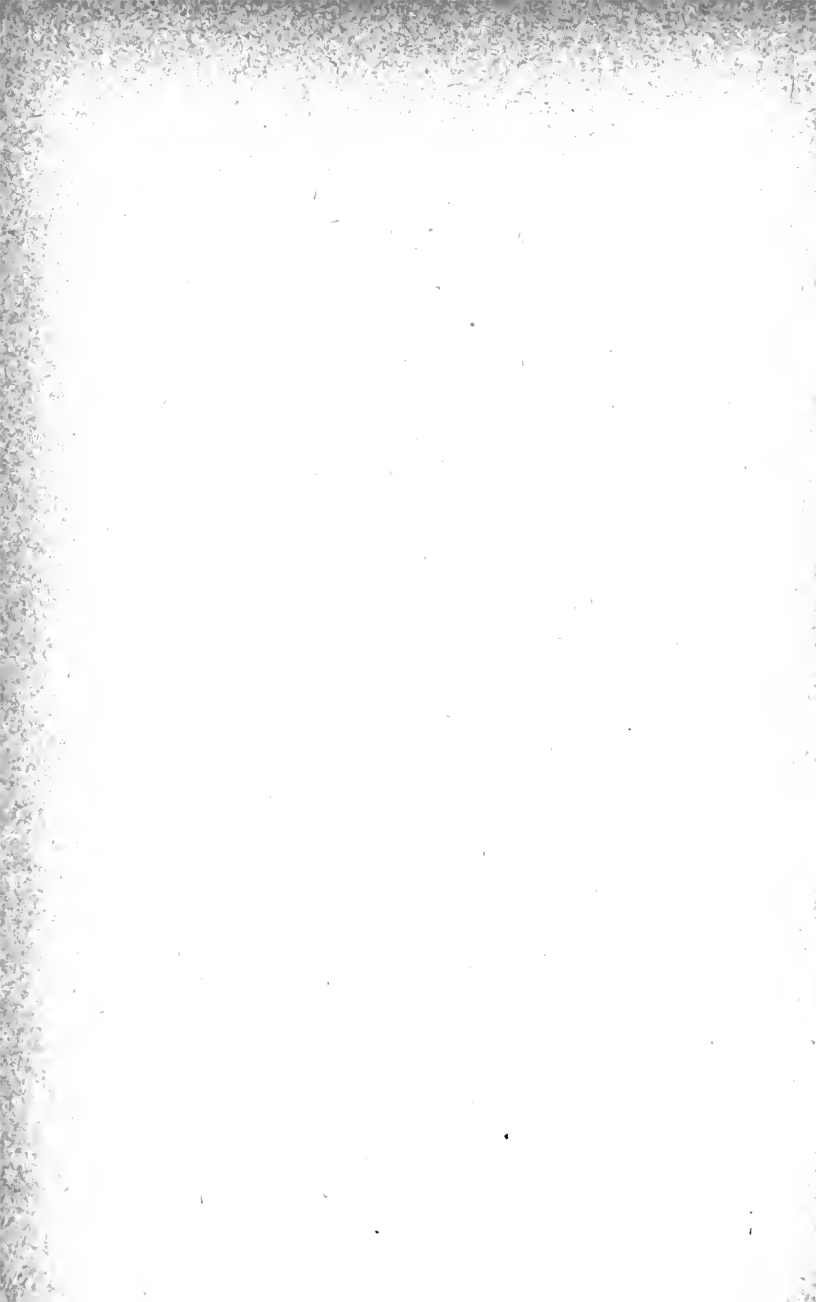
on board had taught the people, already disposed to listen by what their chiefs had heard at Tahiti, and in consequence a chapel had been erected at Raiatea for Divine worship. These chiefs now came to Tahiti and asked for teachers, and, in response to this delightful request, Messrs. Ellis, Williams, and Orsmond, with their wives, removed from Eimeo to Huahine. This island is the most easterly of the Society group; and as, therefore, by the trade winds, it is accessible from all the islands, it became the headquarters of the new mission.

Mr. Ellis at once erected a printing-press at Huahine, and this naturally became one of the most important departments of the operations conducted in the Society Islands. The books printed at Huahine circulated freely; some of them reached Raiatea, and, falling into the king's hands, induced him to visit Huahine and solicit teachers for his people. The island of Raiatea is both the centre and chief of the group. Its kings had, for a long time previously exercised a sovereignty over their neighbours, more or less acknowledged, as the king of Raiatea was a strong or a weak one. It was, moreover, the religious capital and the abode of the gods; a kind of Polynesian London and Rome combined. The centre of the island was a huge mountain pile, in some parts swelling up to the height of two thousand feet; around this majestic mass a fertile belt of land fringed the water's edge. The population at this time did not, it is computed, number more than 1300 persons. Realising the immense importance of Raiatea, it was resolved that, though Mr. Ellis and Mr. Orsmond must remain at Huahine, Messrs. Williams and Threlkeld should accompany the King of Raiatea to his beautiful island.





RAIATEA.



Tamatoa, the king, had already endured some suffering on account of his new faith. While at Tahiti he had justly expected a conflict with the votaries of the old superstition, and had asked, "Suppose the idolaters reject my offers and are obstinate for war, must we carry peace until the spear rests on our heads?" He had been advised to act merely on the defensive, and upon his arrival at Raiatea he followed this wise counsel. The idolaters, enraged at his having forsaken the worship of idols, stimulated and excited each other to expel him, using such expressions as, "Let him not have a landing place for his canoe;" "Let us expel the Word of God from our land while it is young."

Tamatoa, while cautiously avoiding all interference with the religion of his under chiefs, started upon a tour through his kingdom. During this journey he permitted his wife and some of her attendants to eat pork, which food the heathen regarded as sacred food, and therefore unfit for women, who were esteemed polluting and vile. The excitement which this act caused induced some of the heathen to poison a pig in order to destroy the Christians. This vile project happily failed, and the leader of the heathen party, thinking that the time for war had not arrived, quieted his adherents by saying, "The fruit is not yet ripe." Tamatoa's wife then ventured so far as to eat turtle, a yet more sacred food, but even this enormity only evoked the remark, "The fruit is not yet ripe." At length some of the king's servants, while making a canoe, took shelter from the rain in an idol house. Being cold, they helped themselves to the cloth wrapped round the idol. The king was unaware of this adventurous act, until he saw written upon the sand, "We were warm in the devil's cloth." When

he discovered the meaning of the phrase, Tamatoa was extremely angry, but his followers pacified him by saying of the cloth, "Perhaps it was given to us by God." One of these men afterwards sold a piece of the idol cloth to a man who was ignorant as to whence his purchase had been obtained. He, putting the cloth around him, walked through a heathen district with it displayed. The heathen chief now said, on hearing of this act, "The fruit is ripe," and took up arms immediately. Notwithstanding their numbers, the heathen were overpowered, and though they had openly threatened to perpetrate the most vile cruelties upon the Christians, after the easy victory that they had anticipated, they were treated with great kindness by the victors. This predisposed them to regard the Gospel with great favour, and, without doubt, rendered the task of the missionaries much less difficult than it would otherwise have been. When, therefore, on the 11th of September, 1818, the mission party landed, they met with a cordial reception. Mr. Williams often said, "Kindness is the key to the human heart," and he saw a proof of it when he reached Raiatea; and he himself supplied many illustrations of this truth in his after work there and in other 'islands. It struck him when landing as a little singular that one of his native companions, feeling hungry, entered a house, and without ceremony snatched away the food which a Raiatean was eating. This was permitted, and was even considered good manners in Raiatea, so singularly do nations differ as to what constitutes propriety.

The spirit in which Mr. Williams undertook what was to be a work developing into greater enterprises, may be seen in a letter that he sent home soon after his landing: "My dearest parents," said he, "grieve not

at my absence, for I am engaged in the best of services, for the best of masters, and upon the best of terms; but rather rejoice in having a child upon whom the Lord has conferred this honour."

In his new station, he displayed his enviable talent of rapidly acquiring and retaining friends. His sunny, affectionate nature exerted an influence as attractive to the Raiateans as it had been in England; indeed the work that he accomplished would have been utterly impossible without the mighty leverage of himself. There was much need for love in his heart, even to remain among the natives; and much more was, of course, required to work for them, for they were unspeakably degraded, and appeared incurably indolent. A huntsman, whom a minister once met in a railway carriage, accounted for his many difficult leaps by saying that, before jumping, "he sent his heart over first, and then a ditch was no difficulty." John Williams adopted a similar method, and thus was able to accomplish what otherwise would have been impossible and intensely repulsive. The physical labour that visiting the natives involved was also extremely exhaustive, and added much to his difficulties. The natives lived apart in jealous isolation; small families being scattered in irregular patches throughout the island, with no means of communication except dangerous mountain paths. Knowing that men can only improve in communities, and that the force of bad customs cannot be broken, nor can teaching be imparted successfully without the aid of fellowship, Mr. Williams endeavoured to gather the people into a society.

As a preparatory step towards this end, he induced them to form themselves into a settlement; and, after a site had been agreed upon, he set them an example

by commencing to build a house for himself. This house he intended to be as an education of the people, an appreciable illustration of the practical benefits of the Gospel. It was, therefore, as well built and as well furnished as was possible under the circumstances. Happily, the labour thus bestowed was not lost ; the house accomplished all that Mr. Williams expected from it. It appealed to the self-respect of the natives, and presented the most ignorant with an evidence of Christianity that they could understand and appreciate. The king and others commenced to build houses in imitation of it ; without a doubt this building was of great service in the training of the people.

This remarkable structure was sixty feet long, and thirty feet broad ; and its seven rooms were arranged—four in the front of the house, with three rooms behind them. The wooden framework was wattled and plastered ; and, from the coral, Mr. Williams obtained an orange and grey colouring to beautify the walls. The furniture within the house was also entirely the product of his own skill ; and the sofas, chairs and tables, which he himself made, suggested wants to the people of which they had been previously ignorant. Under his stimulative energy the settlement grew so rapidly that, at the end of twelve months, the houses extended for two miles along the sea-shore, nearly a thousand natives being thus brought together, to their no small advantage.

John Williams' insatiable appetite for work now prompted him to build a boat, which he intended should be sixteen feet long. This boat, when finished, had scarcely a nail in it, the planks being tied together by native cord. Mr. Williams intended using the boat in order to visit Tahaa, a small island near Raiatea, and within the same reef. His achievement

showed the natives that they could also build boats without nails, and many of them accordingly resolved to make the attempt. In order to encourage them, Mr. Williams promised fifty nails to the man who first laid down a boat. It was a great pleasure to see the natives working at all; for besides being naturally indolent, the fertility of the land induced sloth; their few wants had been easily satisfied without any more toil than was required to pluck the fruit from the trees, or in setting a few taro or sweet potatoes.

But being induced to work was not the only, much less the chief, benefit that the Raiateans derived from their teachers. Of the spiritual part of his work, to which all other efforts were subsidiary, Mr. Williams said, "My work is my delight. In it I desire to spend and to be spent. I think and hope that I have no other desire in my soul than to be the means of winning sinners for Christ. My anxiety is that my tongue may be ever engaged in proclaiming this salvation, and that my words and actions may be *always pointing to the Cross.*"

His pointing to the Cross was happily not without saving results, for many of the natives became interested in the Gospel. Some of their questions are rather singular, but also deeply interesting as showing the first action of the mind under new and saving truth. For example, one man inquired, "Who were the scribes?" and wondered if they were secretaries of a Missionary Society. Another man, who sought comfort from the missionaries because he was harassed by evil thoughts, mentioned the fact that he had said mentally, "If Satan would approach me in the likeness of man I would fight with him, and stone him to death." He was afraid that he had committed sin in entertaining such a thought. Another man found

that his religious difficulties were chiefly in respect to prayer ; and he asked if it was quite right to say as he did, "O Jehovah, give Thy Word into my heart—all Thy Word ; and cover it up there, that it may not be forgotten by me."

The joy naturally inspired by this new interest in the Gospel was somewhat checked by the sudden death of Mrs. Orsmönd. She had come with her husband from Huahine to stay for a time at Raiatea, when she was thus unexpectedly removed to the higher service of heaven. The solemnity of this bereavement probably incited the survivors to more earnest efforts. The missionaries much lamented the lawlessness and want of social morality among their people. As their object was to render life more worth living, they attempted to remedy these evils, but they found that the task was a most difficult one. At length, in September, 1819, the chiefs were induced to hold a meeting in order to consider the question. After much deliberation, the meeting agreed to insist upon the sacredness of the marriage bond, as being the basis of social and national order. To some persistent offenders, the chiefs said, "You had better go and serve the devil again. Let not this land be stained with sin." The arrival of several hundred copies of the gospel was of great benefit at this juncture ; and the natives, in beginning a new life, incited one another to learn reading. As an instance of the craving for instruction, it is related that one day after the school-bell had rung, a Raiatean found a man sitting idly at home. He said that he had not been able to get beyond b-a, Ba, and that he did not mean to try again. His friend thereupon reminded him that while fishing he always concealed the fish-hook, and observed, "The devil has a fish-



hook in that evil thought of yours. Therefore have nothing to do with it, but let us go immediately and learn."

In addition to this desire to learn, several encouraging and important events occurred during this year. The first, and most important of these, was the formation of an auxiliary missionary society. At the end of twelve months it was found that £500 had been contributed by the natives for the purpose of "causing the Word of God to grow," to quote their own expression. This liberality was general; the king himself, and his wife, prepared arrowroot with their own hands, as a contribution for this purpose. "We would not give that to God," said Tamatoa, "upon which we bestowed no labour; but would rather prepare it with our own hands, and then we can say as David did, 'Of our own proper good have we given unto Thee.'"

Thus ended, with signs of progress, the first year of missionary work at Raiatea.

But while John Williams thus threw himself with his utmost ability into the work that was nearest to him, he was not content with the work in Raiatea. "Our hearts comprehend all the ends of the earth," he said, and his life becomes deeply interesting from this time, as the work grew into higher service, until all the islands of the Pacific became his diocese and care.

In consequence of the prosperity now crowning his work in Raiatea, John Williams commenced the erection of a new chapel for his congregation. This edifice was 191 feet long, and 44 feet broad, but 40 feet of the length of the building was partitioned off as a courthouse. Every part of the building amazed the natives, but they were especially astonished at the turned chandeliers, which were, of course,

the production of Mr. Williams. In them, cocoa-nut shells were employed as lamps. On the 11th of May, 1820, this chapel was first opened for Divine worship, when 2400 persons assembled within its walls. The next day witnessed an equally important triumph of missionary labours; for in a national assembly a new code of laws was formally adopted by unanimous consent, and the king's brother was appointed as chief judge to enforce the observance of these edicts. Stimulated by this reform, to obtain which he had long been steadily working, Mr. Williams turned his attention to promoting profitable employment for the natives, who were now secured from robbery. He commenced the cultivation of the sugar cane, which is indigenous to the islands, and also erected a sugar mill for native use.

But as no man can hope to continue good-doing without thereby arousing the enmity of the wicked, Mr. Williams found that some of the heathen had formed a plot against his life. After a visit to Borabora, an island about twenty miles south of Raiatea, he experienced one of the many remarkable preservations which he regarded as a proof of the watchful care of God. Every second or third Sabbath he spent at Tahaa, an island eight miles distant, going thither on the Saturday. Four of the men who rowed him agreed, when about four miles from Raiatea, to throw Mr. Williams into the sea, while their comrades killed Mr. Threlkeld and Tamatoa. But on the Wednesday previous to the date fixed upon for this murder, Mr. Williams repaired the boat and painted her. Owing to an accident, the paint was not dry on the Saturday, and, notwithstanding the entreaties of his men, Mr. Williams decided to defer the voyage. The murderers now determined to

kill him at home, and the next day, a man wearing a pair of trousers as a jacket, and brandishing a carving knife, came to Mr. Williams' house and shouted, "Turn out the hog! Let us cut his throat." The door fortunately was locked, and the victim did not feel inclined to move. When at length he opened the door, a friend arrived just in time to prevent his exposing himself to peril: "You are the pig he is calling for," he said, "you will be dead in a minute." The four ringleaders in this plot were sentenced to die, but at the intercession of the missionaries their lives were spared. The distress of Mrs. Williams, when she discovered the danger to which her husband had been exposed, caused the premature birth of her second child, who died the day after it saw the light.

In the same eventful month of May, 1820, the first annual meeting of the Native Missionary Society was held, in the new chapel. At this gathering, one convert remarked, "A little property given with the heart becomes big property in the sight of God." Another exhorted his friends thus—"Let us now hold fast the Word of God, and die with it in our hands."

At the end of May, the first baptism was administered; at this service seventy persons professed their faith in Christ, and their resolution to serve Him. Yet—as no worker, however successful, is without his seasons of depression, we find that, on the 7th of the following July, Mr. Williams wrote to the Directors, expressing his desire to leave Raiatea. He was very popular there, but, conscious of as yet dormant capacities, he felt himself cramped by the smallness of the island, and complained that he had not enough work to do in Raiatea. This restlessness did not arise from waning zeal, or from mere craving for

change. "I have given myself," he wrote, "wholly to the Lord, and desire to spend my entire life in His service. I have no other desire in my soul but to live and die in the work of the Saviour." This consecration probably prevented his quitting his post, and when, five months after the date of this letter Mr. Orsmond removed to Borabora, more work necessarily devolved upon Mr. Williams.

At the commencement of the year 1821, he arranged a conference for the purpose of deepening the spiritual life among the people of his charge. Three hundred school children were then examined as to their religious knowledge, and afterwards they were provided with a substantial dinner. Before partaking of the repast, the children marched in procession, carrying flags of their own making, upon which they had written such mottoes as, "What a blessing the Gospel is," and, "Had it not been for the Gospel we should have been destroyed as soon as we were born." Previous to the adoption of Christianity, infanticide had been common in the islands. It was indeed a trade or profession to destroy newly born children, and some of the methods employed were almost incredibly cruel. At the examination of the children, an old chief rose, and said to the King, "Let me speak. I must speak. Oh that I had known that the Gospel was coming! Oh that I had known that these blessings were in store for us! Then I should have saved my children, and they would have been among this happy group repeating these precious truths. I shall die childless, although I have been the father of nineteen children."

Two months after this gathering, in March, 1821, Auuru, the chief of Rurutu, an island 300 miles south of Raiatea, reached the mission station. A pestilence

had broken out in his land, and the two chiefs of Rurutu had each built a canoe, in which they had fled with as many people as their boats could contain. Auuru spent three months with Mr. Williams, and then returned home, taking two teachers with him. In a few weeks, the discarded idols of Rurutu were brought in triumph to Raiatea. Encouraged by this fact, the contributions of the Native Missionary Society increased so much that in May they realised, after paying all expenses, the princely sum of £1800, the gift of those who so recently were without any property whatever. About this time the converts in Raiatea were united into a Christian Church, being associated together upon Congregational principles.

Mr. Williams had now lost all desire to leave Raiatea, but a distressing malady seized upon him, which defied the medical skill of his friends, and rendered a change imperatively necessary. His people were deeply grieved at the idea even of a temporary separation, but to their amazement and delight, in answer to prayer, the malady subsided without the use of any means. The news of the death of John Williams' mother reached him soon after this event. She had passed away, rather suddenly, on the 23rd of September, 1819. "You seem to me," he wrote to his friends, "now like a ship tossed about in a tempest without a pilot. Oh thou brightest of examples, thou lover of Christ, thou most affectionate and beloved of mothers! My dear mother is no more! Oh she's gone, she's gone, never to return to us again! Shall we then wish her return? No, we dare not. But not to feel bitterly for one we so much loved, not to give vent to the ardour of our affection for so kind and excellent a mother, would require the hardest and most unfeeling

heart, which none of us possess. My dearest mother's portrait is an inestimable treasure. The large one hangs in our bed-room, but since I have heard of her decease, I can hardly bear to look at it. I am endeavouring to overcome my feelings, and let it continue to hang there, as a faithful monitor to remind me frequently of her bright example, but I fear I must put it away. Our precious mother! Our dearest mother! . . . Another thought that has occupied my mind is that we shall see our dear mother again; and I have no doubt of our mutual recognition. Now, if we are found in Jesus, with what ecstatic joy will our beloved parent join with the redeemed of the Lord in welcoming her children into the regions of the blessed, to go no more out, to part no more for ever! Oh that this may be our happy portion!"

An additional bitterness was imparted to this grief, because the surviving parent was not a Christian. John Williams wrote an affectionate letter to his father, pleading earnestly that he would not delay, and earnestly adjuring him to repentance and faith. It proved to be a word spoken in season; seven years after the date of this letter, John Williams' father, then dying, exclaimed, "The father is saved through the son's instrumentality."

Soon after the arrival of the mournful tidings of his mother's death, Mr. Williams baptised nearly five hundred persons. His malady returned again about this time, and his wife also became seriously ill; it was, therefore, evident that medical aid must be sought, either in England or in Australia. In September, 1821, the ship *Westmoreland*, bound for Sydney, touched at Raiatea, and Mr. Williams and his wife took passages in her. The *Westmoreland* called at

Aitutaki, on October 2nd, leaving two native teachers in that island. The natives of Aitutaki were hideously tattooed, their bodies being smeared with pipe-clay, red or yellow ochre, or charcoal. The chief of the island heard, with great astonishment, of the abolition of idolatry in Raiatea, and rubbed noses vigorously with the teachers entrusted to his care. Here the only child of Mr. Williams, a boy of about four years of age, attracted much attention, and the natives begged hard that he might be left with them, promising to make him a king. When the parents declined this offer, they began to talk angrily among themselves, looking first at the child, and then over the side of the ship, as if arranging to carry him off by force. Mr. Williams at once sent the child below into the cabin, and took leave of his somewhat troublesome friends. In Sydney, he speedily regained health, and immediately began to seek for a ship to trade from the islands to New South Wales. The London Missionary Society's agent at first opposed this scheme, but finding that Mr. Williams was resolute in his purpose, he relented, and assisted him. A new schooner of 80 or 90 tons burden was purchased, and called *The Endeavour*; a name that the natives afterwards changed into *The Beginning*. While in Sydney, Mr. Williams also engaged a gentleman, whose salary he himself guaranteed, to teach the natives the profitable cultivation of sugar and tobacco. He also loaded *The Endeavour* with shoes, clothing, tea, and other articles for the Raiateans. To these articles, the Governor of New South Wales added several cows and sheep, as presents for the chiefs.

On the 23rd of April, 1822, *The Endeavour* left Sydney, and, after touching at New Zealand, and Rurutu, reached Raiatea, on the 6th of June. On

landing, Mr. Williams heard that, during his absence, another conspiracy had been detected, the object of the conspirators having been to dethrone the king. Ten men had been tried for this offence, and sentenced to die ; this sentence, however, had been commuted into hard labour for life, at the intercession of Mr. Threlkeld.

Tamatoa, the king, was much gratified when he saw the ship, and he wrote to the Directors of the Missionary Society, expressing to them his great pleasure. "A ship is good," he said, "for, by its means, useful property will come to our lands, and our bodies be covered with decent cloth. But this is another use of the ship, when we compassionate the little lands near to us, and desire to send two from among us to those lands, to teach them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the Good Word of the Kingdom."

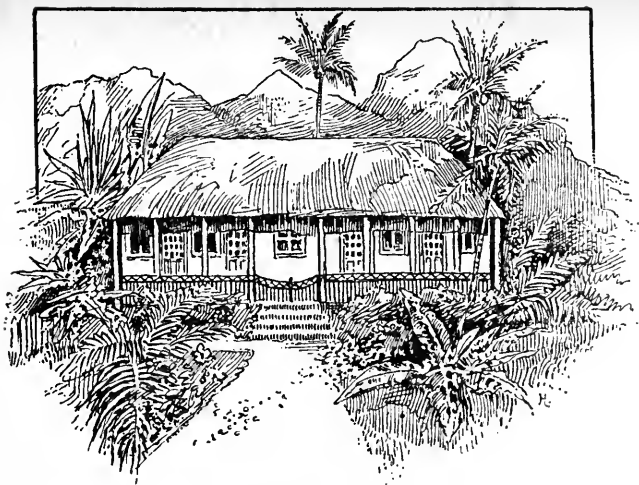
In the following October, a deputation sent out from England by the Directors, visited Raiatea. These gentlemen, among other objects, endeavoured to introduce the spinning and weaving of cotton among the natives, but unfortunately, without success. With Mr. Williams, they were much pleased ; they wrote home to England speaking of him and his work in the highest terms of commendation. But they lamented the feeble health, both of himself and his wife, which seemed to threaten an abrupt and speedy termination to his labours in Raiatea. He himself wrote home, "Oh, for health and strength—not to give to the vanities of the world—not to amass the riches of the East—but to spend and to be spent among the perishing heathen. My God, give it! I think we want this, only that we may devote it to His service. His cause lies near our hearts." But the prayer was not immediately answered ; for Mrs.



Williams became so dangerously ill that her recovery was despaired of. By God's mercy, however, the fever gradually left her, and, before the new year dawned, she was mercifully restored to some degree of health.

*The Endeavour* was despatched to New South Wales with her first cargo, and no less than 150 plantations were more or less cultivated. Three or four tons of salt had been prepared by the natives. Thus the year 1822 did not close in gloom, as at one time it had threatened to do.





JOHN WILLIAMS' HOUSE AT RAIATEA.

## CHAPTER III.

### A VOYAGE WITH MANY DISCOVERIES.

1823-1827.

"I longed to prove by efforts new  
My speechless gratitude."

BRONTI.

"While it is yet day I must be about my Master's business; and he who helps me onward is twice my friend."—  
JOHN WILLIAMS.

"FOR my own part I cannot content myself with-  
in the narrow limits of a single reef; and if  
means are not afforded, a continent would to  
me be infinitely preferable, for there if you  
cannot ride you can walk."

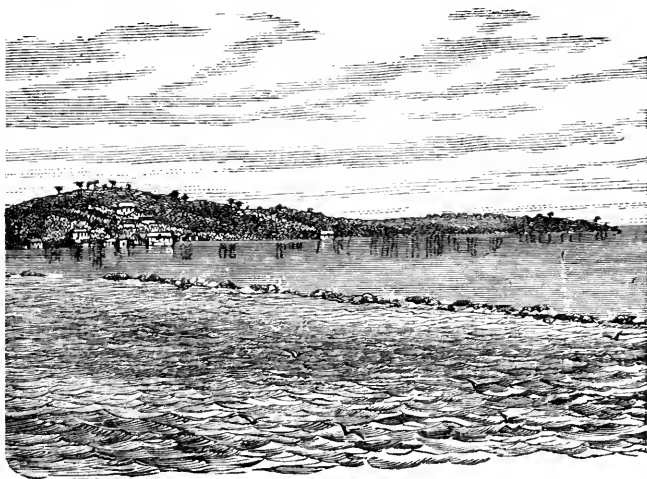
These remarkable words were written by John Williams to his Directors towards the close of the year 1823. They exhibited the restless energy to

which, humanly speaking, the great expansion of his work during this year may be attributed. He discovered Raratonga during 1823, and that island became the fruitful mother of many missions.

The immediate cause of his new enterprise was the account received from the two teachers left in Aitutaki. They had been at first ridiculed by the natives, as "two logs of driftwood cast up by the sea;" subsequently the people changed their opinion of the teachers, and promised that, if Mr. Williams would come to visit them again, they would abandon their idols. Accordingly, on the 4th of July, Messrs. Williams and Bourne left Raiatea, accompanied by six native teachers. During the voyage to Aitutaki, Mr. Williams prepared a series of counsels for his native helpers that are deeply interesting, as exhibiting both his own ideal and his unwearied activity for the conversion of the heathen. Himself a deeply spiritual man, he advises them thus: "Work well and pray much. Think of the death of Jesus; and reflect that the natives of the islands to which you go are purchased with His blood." He warns them that the heathen "*will watch you with rats' eyes*, to find little crooked places in your conduct." An indefatigable worker himself, he could say without shame, "Remember well your work. Give to it your hands, your mouths, your bodies, your souls, and God bless your labours! In your temporal concerns be diligent. A lazy missionary is both an ugly and a useless being." His own career is a beautiful commentary upon his concluding sentences. "Have singleness of heart to Jesus and His Gospel. Search His Word, and pray to Him that He will not leave nor forsake you."

The voyage, thus wisely employed, ended on the 9th of July, when he landed at Aitutaki, and found

that "the good Word had taken root" there indeed. The natives, as they crowded round the vessel, held up their hats and books and repeated portions of the Catechism or the grace before meat as a token of their faith in Christ. Upon landing, John Williams found that the native teachers had set a good example of industry to the people; and that, in consequence, many houses had been erected and furnished by them in imitation of the teachers'. The Aitutakians had



AITUTAKI.

abandoned idolatry and the eating of human flesh, and had erected a large chapel, which they wished Mr. Williams to declare open. The pulpit in this chapel was ingeniously constructed, like the chapel walls, of wattling plastered over and then white-washed. Nothing that the teachers did amazed the natives so much as this whitewashing. When the coral was placed in the kiln to be burned into lime, the bystanders shouted, "Oh, these foreigners, they are

roasting stones!" And when the whitewash was dry, they exclaimed, "The very stones in the sea and the sand on the shore become good property in the hands of those who worship the true God and regard His word."

The success thus achieved during the short period of eighteen months, greatly cheered Mr. Williams. He wrote in his journal, "I hope for great things, pray for great things, and confidently expect great things to result from these labours." At Aitutaki, he found some natives of Raratonga, who had been driven out of their course by a gale. They had become Christians, and greatly desired to return to their native land. So he took them on board, and, accompanied by the king of Aitutaki, thirty-one of whose discarded idols lay in the hold of the ship, and Papeiha, one of the teachers of Aitutaki, he sailed in search of Raratonga. For eight days he sought in vain; at the end of that time he directed his course to Mangaia. The natives here, at first, were very timid, but, after Papeiha had visited them, they consented to receive teachers. But when the teachers had landed, their goods were seized; one man broke a saw into three pieces, and hung the sections from his ears. Nor was this the worst; Papeiha had a piece of cloth thrown over his head, which was twisted in order to strangle him; others received even worse treatment. Papeiha and his friends reproached the chief with perfidy in permitting such outrages after having promised to protect the teachers; the man replied, "That in Mangaia all heads were equal." Under the circumstances, Mr. Williams decided to abandon his purpose of leaving teachers among these savages. He resolved, however, upon his return home, to send two single men to Mangaia; this was subsequently done, and the two missionaries were

well received by the people of Mangaia, who ascribed a pestilence that broke out among them to the anger of the God of the strangers.

From Mangaia, the missionaries proceeded to Atiu, where two native preachers had been living for two or three months. But they were not prospering; they had been stripped of their property, and were even suffering from hunger. The chief of Atiu came on board the mission ship, and the king of Aitutaki at once zealously attempted his conversion. He took him to the hold of the vessel, and showed the astonished chief the once dreaded idols, now treated with ignominy, and without much difficulty persuaded him to renounce his idolatry. The new convert conducted the missionaries to two small islands that were under his sway. There he abolished idolatry, and advised his subjects to accept the new teaching. The people of Mauke and Mitiaro, as these islands were called, were extremely simple; upon seeing the goats, which had been brought by Mr. Williams, they called them "birds with great teeth in their heads." The king of Atiu informed Mr. Williams that Raratonga was not more than nine days' sail distant, and gave him the bearings of that island.

Mr. Williams resumed his search, although the natives of Aitutaki did their utmost to dissuade him from persisting in his purpose, saying that the Raratongans were treacherous and fierce cannibals. But in spite of their advice, the search was continued for five days, but, as before, in vain; at the end of that time the provisions being almost all consumed, Mr. Williams promised that if the land was not sighted before eight o'clock he would turn back. Within half-an-hour of the abandonment of the

enterprise, the look-out man shouted, "Here is the land we are seeking."

Papeiha landed with another native, and addressed an immense string of people. The king of Rarātonga, Makea by name, then came on board *The Endeavour*, and readily promised to protect the teachers brought for his people. Among the Rarātongans conveyed home by *The Endeavour* was the king's own cousin, whom he greeted affectionately. Relying upon Makea's promise, the teachers were landed, but during the ensuing night they were so shamefully treated that Mr. Williams would not allow them to remain. Papeiha, ever ready when there was danger, offered to go ashore alone and to remain in Rarātonga on condition that a colleague, whom he named, should be sent to him. This appeared the only possible course open, and for four months this devoted man laboured alone, except with such little aid as the converts brought with him could render. The tiny company increased rapidly, and within a year they erected a chapel at Rarātonga, six hundred feet long.

As in many other lands, strange events had prepared the way from afar. A heathen woman, before the arrival of *The Endeavour*, had brought from Tahiti some rumours of the Gospel. Makea, after hearing her story, had named one of his children Jehovah and another Jesus Christ. An altar had even been erected to Jehovah and Jesus Christ, which had become famous for the cure of disease. The Unknown God, whom they thus ignorantly worshipped, was declared unto them by the devoted Papeiha. The first convert who rewarded this earnest worker's entreaties was a chief, who learned how to pray from his friend's lips. As Papeiha, worn out by fatigue, dropped off to sleep,

this man awoke him by saying, "I have forgotten it, go over it again;" this happened more than once during the night, and the prayer was repeated again and again. Others of the heathens were interested by the sight of Papeiha's Testament, saying, "There is the God of that man! what a strange God it is, he carries it about with him." An amusing incident connected with this period may be related here. A favourite cat, which had been landed from *The Endeavour*, while rambling about the island, visited a priest who had renounced his idols under Papeiha's teaching. The man's wife, seeing the cat's eyes shining in the dark, awoke her husband and said "Get up and pray, get up and pray." Puss, however, decamped before the prayer was finished, and being void of fear took up her abode in an idol temple. The worshippers, unaccustomed to such animals, shouted, when they saw the cat, "Here's a monster from the deep! here's a monster from the deep!" Unhappily the cause of all this terror came to an untimely end, by the hands of some valiant warriors.

Without knowing to what Papeiha's work would lead, Mr. Williams returned home, leaving his devoted helper alone in Raratonga. He had been absent upon this, his first missionary enterprise, about five weeks. To his father he wrote, after his return to Raiatea, "My heart is as much alive to missionary work as it was the first day I set my foot on these shores; and in the work of my Lord and Saviour I desire to live and to die. My highest ambition, dear father, is to be faithful to my work, faithful to souls, and faithful to Christ; in a word, to be abundantly and extensively useful."

Being such a man as he thus describes himself to be, it is not wonderful that he could not remain idle



at Raiatea. So in a small schooner he visited Rurutu and Rimatara. In each island he was more than satisfied with the progress already made; and in Rurutu he had the joy of administering the Lord's Supper, for the first time in that island, to sixteen persons, who were the first-fruits of the mission there. As might have been expected from the ordinary course of affairs, the great success of his recent voyage was followed by an equally great trial.

Some selfish merchants had induced the Governor of New South Wales to put a duty upon the tobacco brought from the South Sea Islands. This was a serious blow to the new industries of sugar making and trading in cocoa-nut oils, pearl shells, and other articles, all of which were affected and depreciated by the new fiscal arrangements. Simultaneously with this misfortune, Mr. Williams received a letter from his Directors, censuring his conduct in purchasing *The Endeavour*. Although he still retained his own opinion, Mr. Williams at once called the chiefs around him, and communicated these evil tidings to them. They at once determined to freight *The Endeavour* with native produce, and to sell both cargo and vessel in Sydney, for whatever amount, in the altered circumstances, they could obtain. While thus loyal to his Directors, Mr. Williams felt keenly the folly of the course he had been compelled to take. "Satan knew well," he remarked, "that this ship was the most fatal weapon ever formed against his interests in the great South Sea; and, therefore, as soon as he felt the effects of its first blow, he wrested it out of our hands."

He appealed in vain to the Directors to supply him with a ship, if only to keep the trading vessels (which he called "the very arks of Satan") away. Like the wise man that he was, he did not desert or relax his

labours because thus disappointed. With him, as with all strong cedar-like natures, the load of snow upon the branches meant deeper rooting and growth. Confined now to Raiatea, he employed his energies in devising new methods of work there. Among other services arranged, he called a solemn meeting on the New Year's day of 1824, for the purpose of review and re-dedication to God's service. After a substantial repast, the serious engagements of the day commenced. Among the speakers on this occasion was the king, Tamatoa himself, who counselled his subjects thus:—"Let not our profession be like the bamboo, which when lighted blazes most furiously, but leaves no firebrand or charcoal behind for future use."

Shortly after this useful and happy meeting, one of "the very arks of Satan," laden with spirits, visited the island. Finding that he could not dispose of his cargo in Raiatea, the captain, in revenge, decoyed two or three women into his vessel, and then set sail with them on board.

But a greater trouble even than the annoyance caused by this scandalous conduct now arose. The situation of the settlement left it much exposed to the violent tempests that swept down from the central mountains. As the devastations caused by these tornadoes much disheartened the people, Mr. Williams suggested that they should remove to the other side of the island. This the natives agreed to do, and very shortly a new settlement extended nearly four miles along the seashore; but this time to windward, or upon the north side of Raiatea. Although this entailed very much additional labour on himself, Mr. Williams did not altogether regret this removal. The South Sea Islanders resembled Haydon, who confessed

that he required "a great work to keep his mind excited." After forming the first settlement, the Raiateans were relapsing into their habitual indolence ; the migration was beneficial, inasmuch as it compelled them to labour once more. But, shortly after this transportation, death again visited the mission band. On the 7th of March, Mrs. Threlkeld died, and her husband returned to England, with his four motherless children, one of them an infant in arms. In spite of, or perhaps even in consequence of, these trials, the native church continued to prosper ; for the number of the baptized had now reached 900 persons. A mischief-maker, and even a busy-body, were remorselessly expelled from the new community ; in this course the church at Raiatea might perhaps be imitated by far older churches with advantage.

Among the visitors who brought sunshine with them was the chief of Rurutu, who did not forget his benefactors. He brought with him a young man, whom he wished Mr. Williams to instruct in the mechanical arts of which he was master. While superintending this young man's education, Mr. Williams was able to spare time for the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the native tongue. How he was able to carry on at once so many things, and to excel in each, is a mystery. It was probably because, like Fowell Buxton, "he brought a whole man to bear upon everything that he undertook ;" and, therefore, exhaustive as the process was, he was able to effect what might well have occupied the strength of several men. Nor was his wife less industrious ; among her many works of mercy, a large class for lame, deaf, and blind old women must be considered as the most worthy of notice. "We were laid aside as castaways, but now we begin to live again," was the touching

remark of one of these poor creatures. No examples of Mrs. Williams' instructions have been preserved, but an anecdote may be here given showing her husband's aptness to teach. He was talking to a chief who had repeatedly hindered the teachers in their work. "I spoke pointedly to the chief on the advantages of union and co-operation, which I illustrated by stating that twenty men might easily draw a heavy log from the mountain to the sea, if all pulled at one rope and at one end ; but that if a rope were fastened to either end, and ten men pulled one way and ten the other, they would never get the log to the sea."

Under instruction so suitably conveyed, it is no wonder that the mission continued to increase. So much did it grow that a new and larger chapel was opened on the 8th of February, 1826, in the new settlement. In response to Mr. Williams' appeals, Mr. and Mrs. Pitman were sent out from England to labour in Raratonga. For a time they remained at Raiatea and undertook the care of the school while acquiring the language. To this new friend Mr. Williams lamented : "Had I a ship at my command, not one island in the Pacific but should, God permitting, be visited, and teachers sent to direct the wandering feet of the heathen to happiness—to heaven." But his complaints fell upon deaf ears, and he was compelled to undergo that difficult service of waiting, not idle waiting, by any means, for he now taught himself the manufacture of ropes, constructing with his own hands the requisite machinery. The cables thus produced were disposed of to captains of ships, and thus a new industry was opened to the Raiateans.

In a letter to his sisters in England, written about this time, Mr. Williams says, "I will give your

husbands, my dear sisters, a Raiatean cure for a scolding wife. I have a young man at work for me, who is a very good tempered, and a very droll fellow. His wife is very fond of him, but is at times troubled with a terrible itching under the tongue, and while this lasts, scold she must. The young man listens to the effusions of her anger very patiently, and, while she is scolding, he quietly opens the New Testament, and begins to read it aloud. At this the wife storms out—‘Why does this fellow read the Word of God?’ And the husband calmly replies, ‘To calm your troubled spirit my dear, and to support me against the volleys of your wrath, lest my anger should be kindled too.’ The loving wife soon perceives that it is of no use for her to scold, so she embraces her husband, smiles at her own folly, and promises in future to regulate her tongue!”

Towards the end of this year, on the 28th of November, 1826, Mr. Williams’ second son was born. He was named Tamatoa, after the King of Raiatea, his father’s friend. It is needless, perhaps, to say that the Rev. Samuel Tamatoa Williams is now the successful and honoured minister of the Congregational Church at Catford Hill, Kent.





## CHAPTER IV.

### A TROUBLE WITH MANY BLESSINGS.

1827-1830.

“The love of all things springs from the love of one;  
Wider the soul’s horizon hourly grows,  
And over it with fuller glory flows  
The sky-like spirit of God.”

J. R. LOWELL.

ON the 26th of April, 1827, Mr. Williams left Raiatea for a second visit to Raratonga. Mr. and Mrs. Pitman had been appointed to work in that island; they now accompanied their friend to their future home. Unhappily the voyagers did not make Raratonga until the 6th of May, and then, as there was no suitable harbour into which the ship could be taken, the missionaries, with their wives, were put into a boat three miles from the shore. While entering the boat, Mr. Williams had a narrow escape from a fearful death. He was handing down his son Samuel, when he was hurled by the waves against the ship, with the infant still in his arms. Both father and child must certainly have been crushed between the ship and the boat, had not Mrs.

Pitman promptly seized Mr. Williams by the coat and pulled him into the boat. In addition to the agitation naturally produced by this peril, the missionaries found that their boat was leaking fast ; indeed it was only kept afloat by Mrs. Williams sitting in the bottom and baling out the water.

At length, to their great joy, they reached the shore in safety, and soon forgot their recent danger in the hearty welcome given them by the hundreds of natives who thronged the beach. But their happiness was somewhat marred, on the third morning after their landing, by receiving a letter from the captain of the vessel in which they arrived. He said that his ship had sustained so much injury from the waves that he feared to remain longer at his present anchorage. Messrs. Williams and Pitman accordingly went off at once to the vessel, and secured some clothes and a few other necessities ; but they were reluctantly compelled to leave the bulk of their property on board. With these few articles placed in the boat, they had to go nearly seven miles in a gale of wind, which caused a heavy sea. But a canoe from the shore came to their relief, and they landed in safety, to the delight of their anxious friends awaiting them at the water's edge.

When Mr. Williams thus set foot on Raratonga, he had no intention of staying longer than three months. He little suspected that for twelve months that island was to be his home ; and that there he should construct his famous ship, *The Messenger of Peace*.

Quite ignorant of the successes and privation of the coming year, he now assisted in the removal of the settlement to the eastern side of the island, a measure which had been decided upon before his arrival. To his intense gratification, he here witnessed a spectacle

which to him must have been of peculiar significance. He was desired to take his seat outside his house, and having done so, a long procession of natives filed past him and laid their idols at his feet. The smallest of these discarded gods was five feet long and above four inches in diameter; the iron-wood centre was swathed with thick rolls of native matting.

The Sabbath following this public renunciation of heathenism, a congregation of four thousand natives assembled for Divine worship. As the chapel proved to be utterly inadequate for such a congregation, it was resolved, in a public meeting held the next day, to erect a building that would accommodate 3000 persons. In seven weeks this structure was finished; a wonderful achievement, when it is remembered that five years before not a native had seen or handled an axe or a plane.

During the erection of this chapel, two incidents occurred which must not be omitted, though perhaps familiar to all. Mr. Williams, while at work upon the building, found that he had left one of his tools at home. He wrote upon a chip a request for the article, and asked one of the chiefs to carry the chip to Mrs. Williams. The man answered, "She will call me a fool and scold me, if I carry a chip to her; what shall I say?" "You have nothing to say," Mr. Williams replied. "The chip will say all that I wish." "How can it speak? has it a mouth?" was the astonished question. The man took up the mysterious chip and carried it to Mrs. Williams. She, after reading the message, threw away the chip, and gave the messenger the required article.

"How do you know that this is what Mr. Williams wants?" he asked in perplexity.

"Did you not bring me a chip just now?"



"Yes, but I did not hear it say anything."

"If you did not, I did."

The man caught up the wonderful chip and, holding it high above his head, rushed through the village shouting, "See the wisdom of these English people, they can make chips talk! They can make chips talk!"

The second incident was of a different character. Mr. Pitman, while assisting in the building, had a narrow escape from death. A man who was dragging a heavy beam up to the roof, allowed it to slip, and it descended upon Mr. Pitman, felling him to the ground. He was only stunned, however, and after a time recovered consciousness.

For nearly three months the two English missionaries laboured cordially together in the new settlement. Among other plans, one now adopted proved especially successful. The baptised were divided into classes of ten or twelve families each, for the sake of mutual oversight and instruction. These classes met upon the Sabbath-day for prayer, and also to arrange among themselves for reporting the sermon, after a fashion of their own. "I will take the text," said one, "And I the first division," said another. At their next meeting these gave in their report of the portion of sermon of which they had charge, reporting the Scriptural references, and answering any questions that might be asked by the leader of the class. By thus stimulating the natives to self-help, the missionaries not only elevated the general intelligence of their converts, but also prepared future native teachers for work in other lands.

But Raratonga, beautiful as it was naturally, and white unto harvest as it was spiritually, was not fertile, and while there Mr. Williams suffered great privations

Upon his wife, never very strong, and now in very feeble health, the results of the hardships were very serious. After his return to England, Mr. Williams said touchingly, "I have seen my own beloved wife sit down at table, and burst into tears at having nothing to eat, week after week, and month after month, but some native roots, and a very scanty supply even of them, but no European food of any kind. . . . She never did this under a feeling of disaffection to the cause in which we are engaged, or from regret that she had devoted herself to the work of God ; it was the mere overpowerings of the feelings of nature."



MISSION HOUSE, AVARUA, RARATONGA.

In his "Missionary Enterprises," Mr. Williams also notes, "It was upwards of ten years after our arrival in the islands before we tasted beef ; and, when we killed our first ox, the mission families from the adjacent islands met at our house to enjoy the treat ; but, to our mortification, we had so entirely lost the relish that none of us could bear either the taste or smell of it. The wife of one of the missionaries burst into tears, and lamented bitterly that she should become so barbarous as to have lost her relish for

English beef." In consequence chiefly of this scarcity of food, many of the natives resolved to return to the original settlement. The bulk of the population remained upon the eastern side of the island, however, and Mr. Pitman resolved to stay with them; Mr. Williams accompanied the natives who returned to their original homes. Here he had to repair the chapel, and reconstruct the settlement which had fallen into decay.

But a far more serious difficulty, arising from the ancient customs of the island, presented a barrier to the progress of the Gospel. For example, it had long been the rule that, as soon as a young man attained to years of manhood, he must wrestle with his father. Should the son prove the stronger, he took possession of the house and farm, from which he expelled his parents. This "He might take who had the might, and he may keep who can" was not more cruel than the usage called "Ao Anga." This custom was that, when a man died, all his relatives were permitted to come to his house, and there seize both the house and all its contents, indeed all the property of the deceased, leaving the widow and children to starve. Evil as these practices were, they were too deeply rooted to be easily abolished. As a preparatory step to their abolition, Mr. Williams translated into Raratongan the code of laws which had been adopted at Raiatea. These he expounded during the long evenings, when, in his own garden upon the sea-shore or within his house, he gathered the natives around him; and binding them to him by ties as sweet as they were strong, he made their curiosity a means of imparting lasting blessings to their souls.

Perhaps, however, no incident (apart from the ship-building) in his life at Raratonga is so interesting as

his description of Buteve. Of this man Dr. Campbell remarked, "One hardly knows whether more to admire this man's temporal or his spiritual industry." Buteve's hands and feet having been eaten off by disease, he was compelled to walk upon his knees. Yet he contrived to cultivate his little patch of ground so skilfully that his wife and three children were well supplied with food. His only implement in doing this was a piece of pointed iron-wood. With this he pierced the ground by pressing the whole weight of his body upon it. He then scooped out the thus loosened earth with his wrist stumps, and placed the plant into the hole. In the same manner he removed the weeds.

One evening he greeted Mr. Williams with the shout of "Welcome, servant of God, who brought light into this dark island." After hearing Buteve's account of the incarnation and death of Christ, Mr. Williams said to him :—

"You pray of course?"

"Oh, yes; I very frequently pray as I weed my ground, and plant my food, but always three times a day, besides praying with my family every morning and evening."

The remainder of the conversation can be best given in Mr. Williams' own words.

"I asked him what he said when he prayed?

"He answered, 'I say, O Lord, I am a great sinner, may Jesus take my sins away by His good blood; give me the righteousness of Jesus to adorn me, and give me the good spirit of Jesus to instruct me and make my heart good, to make me a man of Jesus, and take me to heaven when I die.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'that, Buteve, is very excellent, but where did you obtain your knowledge?'

“‘From you, to be sure ; who brought us the news of salvation but yourself?’

“‘True,’ I replied, ‘but I do not ever recollect to have seen you at either of the settlements to hear me speak of these things, and how do you obtain your knowledge of them?’

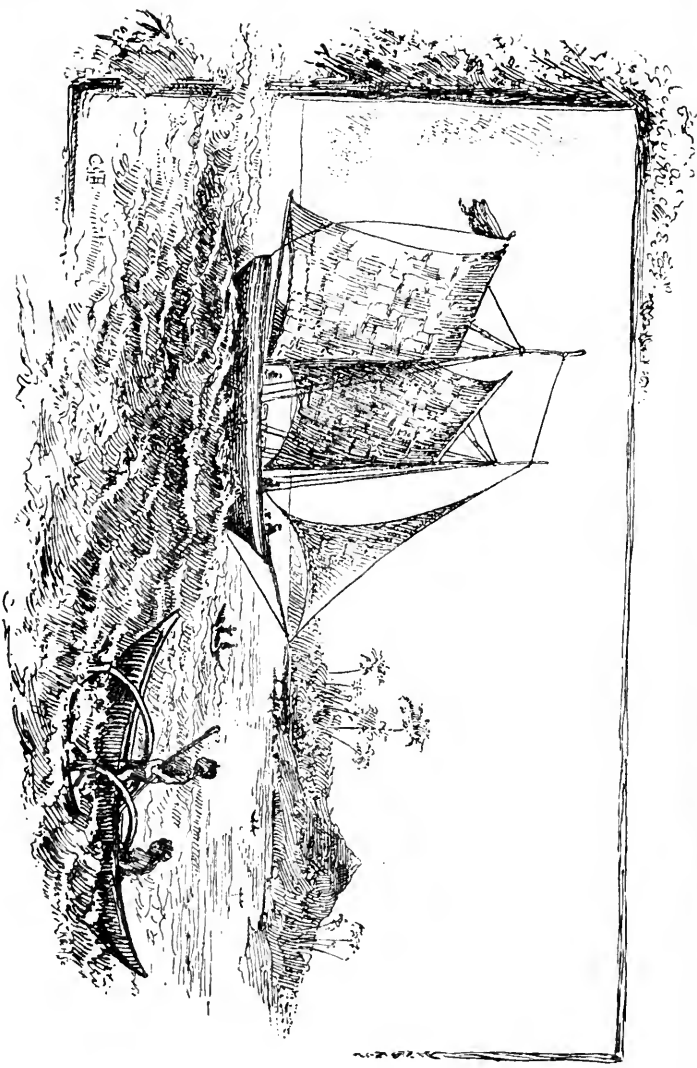
“‘Why,’ he said, ‘as the people return from the services, I take my seat by the way side, and beg a bit of the Word of them as they pass by ; one gives me one piece, another another piece, and I collect them together in my heart, and by thinking over what I thus obtain, and praying to God to make me know, I understand a little about His Word.’”

“His knowledge,” says Mr. Williams, “was such as to afford me both astonishment and delight, and I seldom passed his house, after this interview, without holding an interesting conversation with him.”

Encouraging as such an incident was, Mr. Williams could not remain contented at Raratonga. He began to think with much anxiety about the converts whom he had left in Raiatea, and in the spirit of the Arab warrior, who rode into the waters of the Atlantic, longing to carry his religion to the lands beyond, Mr. Williams pondered anxiously upon the islands as yet unvisited by the Gospel. This longing, which was undoubtedly a call from God, had, before he left Raiatea, led him to resolve to visit the Samoan Islands. But his wife then not unnaturally objected to the perils of his long voyage. “You will be eighteen hundred miles away,” she said, “six months absent, and among the most savage people we are acquainted with. If you should lose your life, I shall be left a widow, with my fatherless children, twenty thousand miles from my friends and my home!” Mr. Williams, in compliance with this appeal, abandoned his project.

and did not again name it to his wife. But now, at Raratonga, Mrs. Williams was visited by a severe illness, which threatened to terminate her life, and during this season of affliction she examined carefully her past career, and at length concluded that her sickness was sent as a punishment for her opposition to her husband's wishes. So, upon arriving at this opinion, she at once said to her husband, "From this time your desire has my full concurrence ; and, when you go, I shall follow you every day with my prayers, that God may preserve you from danger, crown your attempt with success, and bring you back in safety." Mr. Williams immediately exclaimed, "This is the finger of God," and resolved to attempt the voyage forthwith.

But for some months no ship had visited Raratonga, and as "he was never more himself than when circumstances demanded an unusual amount of skill and labour," he resolved to build a vessel. Although without any knowledge of ship-building, and even without the necessary tools, which he had first to construct, in less than three months he constructed a vessel of from 70 to 80 tons burden. Remembering the purpose for which he designed *The Messenger of Peace*, as he named the ship, this vessel has been rightly termed "no less the evidence of his fervid piety than of his matchless skill." The story of this achievement reads like a romance, but it is too long for insertion here. As a specimen of his difficulties, it may be noticed that when he commenced he had no bellows at all adequate for smith's work. As he had resolved to make himself a pair, the only four goats in the island were slaughtered, and their skins prepared for this purpose. Alas, the bellows thus constructed did not answer the maker's expectations ;



"THE MESSENGER OF PEACE."





moreover, the rats ate every particle of leather, and left nothing of the unfortunate bellows but two bare boards. Nothing daunted by this ill-fortune, Mr. Williams tried again, but this time he contrived a wooden box that threw wind as a pump throws water. By the aid of this machine he did all the iron work requisite for the vessel ; the timbers, however, owing to the scarcity of nails, were mostly fastened by long wooden pins. The delight of the natives was unbounded when, for the first time, they witnessed the welding of iron. "Why did we not think of heating the hard stuff," they exclaimed, "instead of beating it with stones? What a reign of dark hearts Satan's is."

After the ship had been successfully launched, she made a trial trip to Aitutaki, which was about 170 miles distant from Raratonga. Makea, the king of Raratonga, accompanied Mr. Williams in this voyage, which proved the seaworthiness of *The Messenger of Peace*. From Aitutaki a cargo of cocoa-nuts, pigs, and cats was brought, and the new animals speedily reduced the number of the rats that had previously swarmed over Raratonga. Upon his return from this short voyage, Mr. Williams found that, during his absence, the natives had removed the rubbish that had accumulated during the building of *The Messenger of Peace* ; they had replanted the shrubs, repaired the fences, saying, "We will not leave a chip against which, on his return, he shall strike his feet."

Mr. Williams' leaving was also facilitated by the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Buzzacott, who landed at Raratonga in February, 1828. Mr. Buzzacott had brought with him a quantity of iron, which proved invaluable in strengthening *The Messenger of Peace* ; but he also brought sad tidings from Raiatea ; the

teacher left in charge there had died, and his successor had proved himself unequal to the task which had devolved upon him, and in consequence the people had disagreed. At Rurutu the two teachers had quarrelled; and, moreover, two of the mission boats had been cast away, and thus seventy-six lives had been lost.

Leaving Mr. Buzzacott to Mr. Pitman's care, Mr. Williams started for Tahiti, which he reached after a fourteen days' sail. From thence he went on to Raiatea, arriving off this island on the 26th of April, 1828. He now generously agreed to lend his *Messenger of Peace* to the Society, and Mr. Pritchard and Mr. Simpson started in her, to visit the Marquesan group of islands, where they hoped to establish a mission. They were about twelve months absent, after which voyage they visited the Hervey Islands. During this period, Mr. Williams was resolutely endeavouring to reduce the mission affairs to order. He found, on his arrival from Aitutaki, the news of his father's death awaiting him; after this bereavement, death entered his own household, removing this time a newly born babe. While suffering from these afflictions, which he keenly felt, Mr. Williams was greatly cheered by a successful missionary meeting, held at this time. The Christians came in large crowds from other islands, and ten large, decked boats lay at one time in the harbour.

Unable himself to leave Raiatea, Mr. Williams sent a small schooner-rigged boat to visit the remote mission settlements. This was the first expedition that had been commanded by a native, and to Mr. Williams' joy it proved highly successful.

In the beginning of the following year, 1829, he was himself able to visit Rurutu. Here he investi-

gated some charges brought against Puna, the native teacher, and was able to not only acquit, but to commend him. While at Rurutu, Mr. Williams met a native chief who had been waiting at this island for more than two years, in the hope of obtaining a teacher for his native land. During this exile, the man's wife and two children had died, but he had refused to return to his home until he had accomplished his purpose. "I have been bearing all patiently," said this noble man, Philip the chief of Tubai, "as I hope to effect an object that will be good to my land." Mr. Williams was altogether five weeks away from Raiatea, while on this voyage.

After his return, he was much encouraged by the visit in succession of three vessels, whose officers most happily aided the missionaries. The first to arrive was the *Satelite* sloop of war; the second was the U.S. ship *Vincennes*; the chaplain of which latter vessel thus records his opinion of the mission: "Much as the sincerity and piety of the church members in this island have been doubted, from all that I have observed, I was led to the fervent prayer that I might myself at last be equally worthy with many of these of a seat at the marriage supper of the Lamb." An even more weighty testimony to the triumph of the Gospel was given by the commander of H.M.S. *Seringapatam*, the third vessel that touched at Raiatea about this time. His opinion is all the more important because he and his officers at first rather doubted the piety and sincerity of the natives. Mr. Williams, upon hearing their suspicions, at once suggested that the officers should themselves personally examine the converts; a proposition to which they agreed. In three houses the Englishmen proposed a series of questions obtaining such answers

as clearly convinced them that the natives were not mere parrots, repeating words which they had heard without understanding their import. As an example of native reasoning, the reply of an old priest to the question, "Do you believe the Bible to be the Word of God, and Christianity to be of Divine origin?" deserves notice. The man lifted up his hands, and rapidly moved his fingers and his wrists; he then opened and closed his mouth, after which, lifting his leg he moved it in different directions. "I have hinges all over me," he said, "if I wish to handle anything, the hinges in my hands enable me to do it. If I want to utter anything, the hinges to my jaws enable me to say it. If I wish to go anywhere, here are hinges to my legs to enable me to walk. When I look into the Bible, I see there proofs of wisdom which correspond exactly with those which appear in my frame. I conclude therefore that the maker of my body is the author of that Book." This Paley-like argument quite convinced the officers that neither this man nor the other converts were as they had suspected, and they cheerfully bore testimony to the intelligence of these ingenious reasoners.

After the *Seringapatam* had left the island, Mr. and Mrs. Williams paid a brief visit to Tahiti, whither they conveyed their two sons for education. They had not long returned home before a terrible hurricane burst upon Raratonga. It uprooted great trees, demolished several houses, and partially unroofed the chapel. While Mr. Williams was busily engaged in repairing the damage caused by this storm, *The Messenger of Peace* returned. She entered the harbour the 25th of February, 1830, and Mr. Williams immediately commenced preparing for his long anticipated visit to the Samoan group of islands.



## CHAPTER V.

### A SOWING WITH MANY HARVESTS.

1830-1832.

“Who loves the Lord aright,  
No soul of man can useless find,  
All will be precious in His sight,  
Since Christ on all hath shined.”

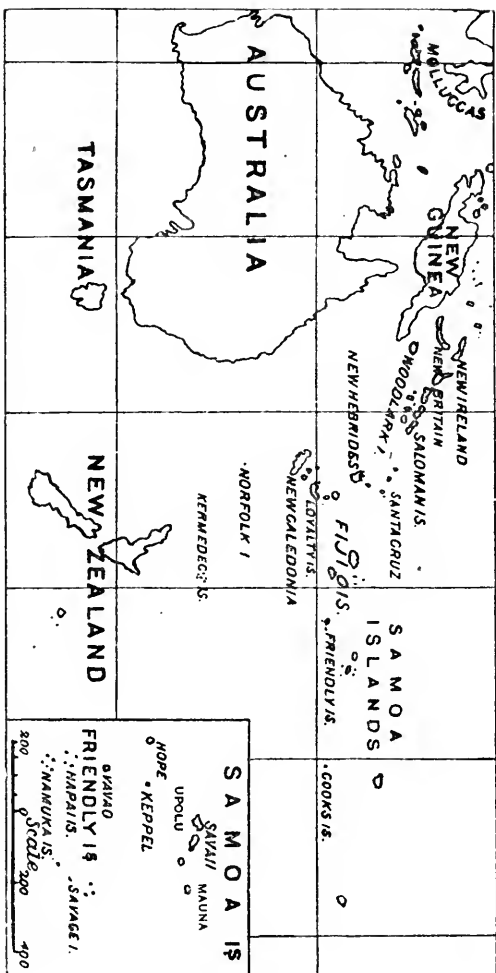
KEBLE.

“Next to the duty of personally receiving the truth is the duty of diffusing it.”—DR. CAMPBELL.

ALTHOUGH the expected supplies from England had not arrived, Mr. Williams started upon his voyage to Samoa, about a fortnight after the departure of the *Seringapatam*. Mr. Barff accompanied him, and the missionaries took several native teachers from Raiatea with them as evangelists for the new sphere of labour which they were opening up. Mr. Williams had been stationed at Raiatea for eleven years when he left that island on the 24th of May, 1830, upon this new expedition. Although it was out of the direct course to do so, *The Messenger of Peace* visited the Hervey group, arriving at Mangaia after a five days' run. The Mission station came into

sight on the Sunday evening, and on the following morning, the missionaries went on shore. It will be remembered that the first teachers had been so shamefully abused by the natives, that Mr. Williams had taken them away from Mangaia. But the two single men, who had subsequently taken up the work, had met with such signal success that near five hundred Christians greeted Mr. Williams. These were of course still very ignorant; but they seized the opportunity presented by Mr. Williams' visit of naming their various difficulties to him. For instance they were greatly exercised as to the lawfulness or otherwise of rat eating. It had been a common native proverb, in describing a delicacy, to say, "It is as sweet as a rat." These rats were caught in holes dug for that purpose; their hair was singed off on hot stones, and then, having been wrapped in leaves, they were baked. Though the natives had previously regarded baked rat as their national dish, the new disciples were troubled with scruples as to the lawfulness of the food. Mr. Williams, in answer to their questions, told them that the wisest course would be to take care of the pigs and goats which he had sent them, and then they would not require rat-meat, which Europeans generally considered to be very disgusting.

A greater difficulty arose from the fact that the women had been previously compelled to labour for hours in the swampy taro (or sweet potato) beds. Mr. Williams interceded on their behalf, and the females were henceforth released from this degrading and unhealthy toil. He was also enabled to soften the hostility of the heathen party, which was strong in Mangaia, and very much enraged against the Gospel. Eventually the conduct of the heathen, who persisted



MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE SAMOAN ISLANDS TO ADJACENT COUNTRIES.





in dancing near the place of worship, repeatedly threatening to kill the Christians and burn their houses, led to a conflict in which the idolaters were beaten. Unhappily the victors were so unmerciful in their conduct towards the vanquished, that the heathen continued bitterly resentful and hostile, though quite impotent to harm the Christians. As yet things had not developed into actual war; and Mr. Williams did his utmost to allay the angry feelings of both parties. He also desired to remove one of the teachers for service in Samoa, but even the heathen requested him not to do so, and the man was permitted to remain in Mangaia.

From Mangaia, *The Messenger of Peace* proceeded to Atiu, an island distant two days' sail. A great advance had been made here also, under the efforts of the two devoted teachers who had been for some time stationed at Atiu. But the wives of these teachers complained much that their husbands had to work so hard all the week, and especially upon Saturdays, when they went fishing all day in order to provide food for Sunday, that they found it a difficult matter to teach on Sunday. The women themselves, during their husbands' absence, would write down upon slates any portions of sermons which they could remember to have heard from the missionaries, but they begged hard for some sermon helps. "You," they said, "resemble springs from which knowledge is continually bubbling up, so that you have nothing to do but open your mouth, and out it flows."

After responding to this request to the best of his ability, Mr. Williams visited Mauke and Mitiaro, the chief of which islands was staying in Atiu when he arrived there. At Mauke he was much struck with the pulpit of the little chapel; it had been hewn out of a

large tree. At Raratonga, where they now proceeded, they were met with tidings of great disaster. A dreadful pestilence had broken out in the island, immediately after the visit of a European ship, and such were its ravages that, in one district alone, nearly six hundred people had died in a very short time from this fearful plague. Instead of the thousands that had lined the water's edge at his previous visit, only a few children, and still fewer terror-stricken adults, came to tell of their bereavements. Mr. Barff fortunately had a large stock of medicines with him; these were at once landed; and after thus doing all that lay in their power to assist their suffering friends, and alleviate their distress, the voyagers went on to Aitutaki. They landed with the intention of removing the two teachers stationed there in order to convey them to Samoa. But, as at Mangaia, the attachment of the converts to their teachers was so strong, and they begged so piteously that their benefactors might not be taken away, that, as at Mangaia, Mr. Williams consented to their request.

To supply the vacancy thus created in the number of his workers, he selected two of the converts of Aitutaki as missionaries for Samoa. He was very much pleased with the missionary ardour of the Christians in Aitutaki; they placed in his hands the (for them) magnificent sum of £103 as a contribution towards the London Missionary Society. This large amount had been realised by the sale of pigs. Each family in the island had dedicated a pig to "help the good work of causing the Word of God to grow;" and these, when sold to vessels that had touched at Aitutaki, had realised the amount of money named before. Greatly encouraged by this liberality, and also by the highly successful classes that had been

conducted by the teachers, Mr. Williams now steered to Savage Island. Five days' sail brought the missionaries to this rightly named place. With very great difficulty they at length induced a chief to come on board, but he proved utterly untamable. When offered a piece of cloth to cover his naked form, the old man tore it from him, and shouted, "Am I a woman that I should be encumbered with this stuff?" During the whole time he was upon the deck, this savage maintained a fearful howl; he danced up and down furiously, and gnashed his teeth, concluding the exhibition by thrusting his beard into his mouth, and gnawing it viciously. Nor did he appear exceptionally repulsive; all his fellow-countrymen appeared like him. The teachers intended for Savage Island begged hard not to be left among such degraded creatures. Mr. Williams deemed it prudent to accede to their request, but he induced two young men from Savage Island to come on board, and took them away with him. He hoped that after they had learned to love the missionaries, these young men would influence their fellow-countrymen for good.

With these two savages on board, *The Messenger of Peace* made a quick run of 350 miles to Tonga, where they stayed for a fortnight. The Wesleyan missionaries, who were stationed there, accorded their visitors a hearty reception. At Tonga, Mr. Williams met with Fauea, a Samoan chief, who consented to accompany him to Fauea's native land. As Fauea was related to the chief families in Samoa, it was considered a fortunate circumstance that they had met with him; and, as he was a Christian, it was expected that he would be of great service to the mission.

Another providential circumstance was that here Mr. Williams was warned that the natives of Ero-

manga were much exasperated by the conduct of some white men who had landed on their island. Mr. Williams, after due consideration, took the advice of his friends, and did not go on to Erromanga as he at first intended; had he done so, in all probability he would have then met with the fate that nine years afterwards befell him at that island. Thus God's watchful care over His servant was equally evident both in the opening of the way to Samoa, and in the closing of the course to the New Hebrides.

While at Tonga, a chief of the Fiji Islands expressed his desire for teachers, and it was agreed between the missionaries that the Wesleyan Society should undertake the Fiji group, leaving the Samoan Islands to the London Missionary Society. The extreme wisdom of this arrangement is self-evident; in all probability the wonderful success of both missions is a result of the fidelity with which this compact has been observed. From the differences of mental temperament, there must of necessity exist varieties of belief among those who equally hold the doctrines that cluster round the Cross; it is, however, surely wise in dealing with the heathen not to make a religion of such trifles, to the serious detriment of the new converts. After concluding this important arrangement, Mr. Williams, accompanied by Mr. Cross, one of the Tongan missionaries, went on to Lefuga, a station of the Wesleyan Society. The pilot, unfortunately, mistook the channel, which placed the ship in some peril. For two days they made their way through sunken rocks, sand-banks, and small islands, before they reached a safe anchorage.

At Lefuga, they fortunately found Finau, a chief of the Vauvau Islands, where Mr. Williams intended leaving a teacher. But Finau, though he promised

to protect the life of any teacher who might be placed with him, declared that, should any of his own subjects become Christians, he would certainly put them to death. This they found was likely to prove no mere threat, as the chief had for a long time been resolute in his opposition to the Gospel. When the chief of Lefuga, who was his relative, abandoned the worship of idols, Finau had sent him a large war canoe, as a bribe to induce him to return to heathenism. But the chief of Lefuga nobly refused to accept the present, and declared that, valuable as the canoe was, the conditions upon which it was offered rendered it only so much firewood in his estimation. In Vauvau many were equally resolute in their adherence to the Gospel; and, as Finau persecuted them, they abandoned their families and possessions and came to Lefuga, where they enjoyed Christian teaching, and possessed religious liberty. Mr. Williams saw clearly that there was no opportunity for religious work at Vauvau, and, without wasting time in attempting the impossible, he made sail at once for Samoa.

For seven long days his course lay through violent storms, which they were the less able to contend against on account of an influenza that incapacitated all on board. At length, to their no small relief, they sighted the peaks of Savaii, the largest island of the Samoan group. These islands, sometimes called, "The Navigators' Islands" (Mr. Williams suggests that the name was given on account of the superior skill displayed by the natives in the construction of their canoes, as well as on account of their great dexterity in the water), number eight, which are divided into the Windward and Leeward groups. The natives of the Windward group give a nasal sound to many words, as do not the others. Samoa

is the native name for the cluster. The mountains of Savaii are clothed with luxurious foliage right up to their summits, and the peaks are visible at a distance of seventy miles.

The soil of Samoa is very fertile, and since the introduction of the Gospel it has been cultivated with great advantage. Large crops of maize, cotton, nutmegs, coffee, sugar-cane, arrowroot, tapioca, barley and rice, are now obtained from these dry soils. The water supply is excellent, and it is derived both from springs that are never dry, and from the abundant rainfall. Nearly every ravine boasts of its torrent, which is fed by innumerable rivulets and dashing waterfalls. It is true that few of these streams ever reach the sea, for they are absorbed by the thirsty lands, that imbibe them as would a sponge. Thus a bed of dry stones alone marks the channel near the sea of what inland is a large river.

The natives, when first discovered by Mr. Williams, were of course not so successful in farming as they are now, after they have been instructed by European teachers. But that they were naturally ingenious appeared from the construction both of their canoes and of their houses. Their boats were made from small pieces of bread-fruit, which were very neatly fitted together. Along the edge of each section was a small ridge, which was pierced with holes. Through these holes lashings of cinet, which is the native twine, were passed, and thus the whole was held firmly together. The outer surface was quite smooth, and Mr. Williams says that "a new canoe is really a handsome and ingenious piece of workmanship, very different to the thick, awkward Tahitian canoes. I do not think that they are excelled in the construction and workmanship of their canoes by any islanders in the South

Seas, with the sole exception of the King's Mill Islanders. These latter build their canoes very much like a whale-boat, and that out of small pieces of plank which are not any of them above two inches wide ; these sections are all lashed firmly together by cinet."

"In the construction of their houses" continues the journal from which we have just quoted, "they also display considerable taste. The spacious houses which are intended for public entertainments are neatly and firmly put together. In shape, they are between a round and an oval. First, two or three large posts are fixed in the ground in order to support a short ridge pole, of from four to six feet in length. Rafters and thatch are then placed upon this ridge pole ; and they then form the round ends for the narrow extremities of the building. The rafters are placed endways, and are formed from the wood of the bread-fruit tree ; some of them are no thicker than the middle finger. They are also in pieces of not more than two feet in length, but are so neatly united and the joint is so firmly lashed round by cinet, that the joints are not perceptible. They use the sugarcane leaf for thatching, but the thatch inside the house does not look so neat and pretty as that of the Tahitian houses. But the rafters are much more so, for they are so small, so carefully and regularly arranged, and are moreover neatly joined together. These large public buildings are generally open all round at the sides, and are covered with mats as a carpet. They are often from forty to fifty feet long, and about thirty or five-and-thirty feet wide. The dwelling-houses of the natives are similar both in material and in shape, but they are much smaller and lower of course."

Our illustration on page 87 represents a native Samoan village.

But we must now relate the events that followed the arrival of Mr. Williams. His landing in Samoa at this juncture was remarkable and opportune, and is an example of the mysterious leadings of Providence. God had from afar been preparing the way for him in a most remarkable manner. The attention of the Samoans had been arrested by a recent prophecy delivered by a dying chief. He predicted that the worship of the Spirits should soon cease throughout Samoa, and that a great white chief should come from beyond the distant horizon, who would overthrow their religion, and that all this would happen very shortly after his own death. This singular statement, which predisposed the people in favour of Mr. Williams, was only one of several circumstances that equally conduced to the same result. The most notable of these was, that a few days before his arrival, Tamafainga had been killed. There had not been time enough to elect a successor, and thus an almost insuperable obstacle to the success of the Gospel was removed out of the way. So keenly did his friend Fauea, the Samoan chief, realise this, that, upon learning the fact of Tamafainga's death, he shouted as he danced upon the deck, "The devil is dead! The devil is dead! Our work is done! The devil is dead!" Subsequently they learned that this Tamafainga had possessed despotic spiritual and temporal power, because he was supposed to be an incarnation of the evil spirits. For this reason, he had been adopted in his infancy by a great chief. He was esteemed so sacred, that he was not tattooed; and though he possessed little property himself, all the chiefs paid homage to him, because they believed



that "the spirit of the devil resided in him, and that he had power to inflict disease and death at his will." He was consulted as an oracle upon all occasions, and as his predictions had sometimes been fulfilled, he was held in great esteem.

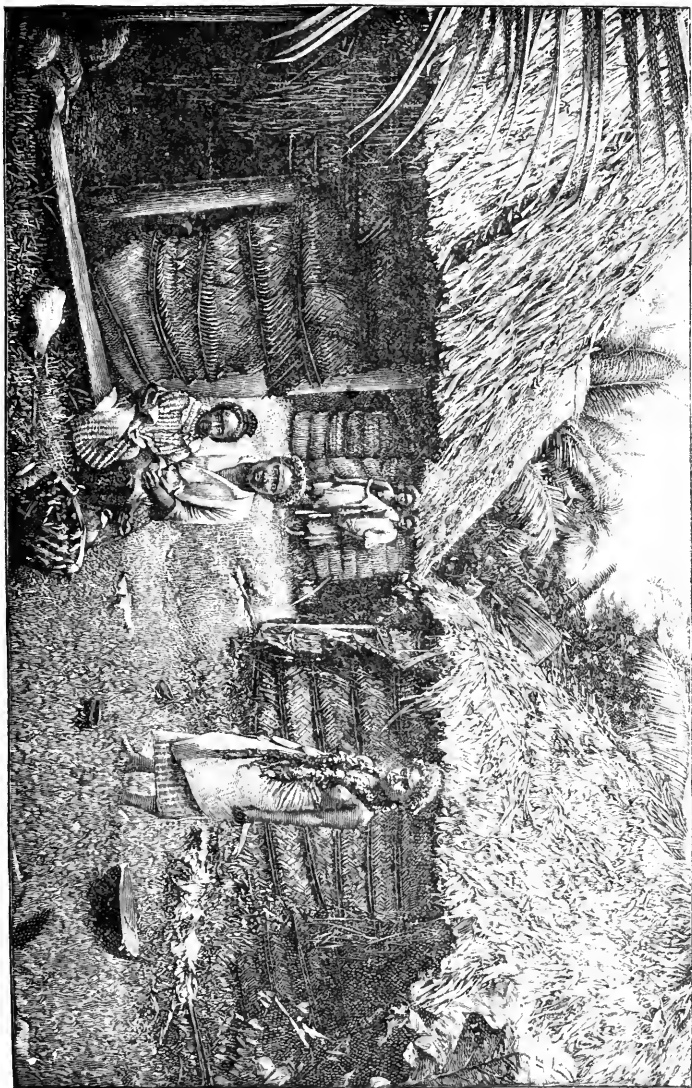
As an example of his shrewd guessing, or whatever else his gift was, it is related that a trading canoe once kidnapped a young woman in place of a runaway slave. Tamafainga comforted the parents by assuring them that a foul wind would drive the robbers back on the next day ; and as this was so, Tamafainga received additional glory from what was probably his weather wisdom. We are not informed as to how many failures he may be credited with. Attended by a bodyguard of six wild young men, he went through Samoa, his companions robbing and destroying in wanton mischief and sheer love of wickedness. At length, an act of more than usual atrocity, that cannot be detailed here, enraged the people of Upolu so much that they destroyed this monster of wickedness, for such he really was.

Although the chiefs were not sorry to be delivered from the odious tyranny under which they, as well as their people, had suffered, the system of blood revenge, and above all the need of securing their own authority, compelled them to avenge Tamafainga's death. Malietoa, the king, was making war upon the murderers when *The Messenger of Peace* dropped anchor at Sapapalia, his capital. His brother, Tamaléangi at once despatched a messenger requesting the king to return home immediately, and, pending his brother's arrival, Tamaléangi exerted himself to welcome the missionaries. Fauea was now among his own friends, and he earnestly exhorted them to receive cordially both the strangers and their message.

Encouraged by him, the natives became so familiar that they began to examine the dress of the missionaries, and while doing so, one of them pulled off Mr. Williams' shoe. The Samoans were amazed to find that apparently the white chief had no toes, and whispered this astounding discovery to Fauea. That chief replied at once that the white man had clothes upon his feet, a statement which they verified at once to their own satisfaction. Fauea now rendered the missionaries a great service, for when Tamalelangi, the king's brother, sent cocoanuts, pigs, and bananas to the ship for sale, he informed this chief that *The Messenger of Peace* was a praying vessel. Upon hearing this, Tamalelangi refused to accept payment for the food which he had sent on board. Stimulated by this act of generosity, the teachers determined to land; accordingly eight men with their wives and children went on shore.

Those who remained on board beheld dense columns of smoke mingled with flame arising from the direction of Upolu. Here Malietoa was avenging the death of Tamafainga, while his brother, at Sapapalia, was welcoming the ministers of that Gospel which is peace and goodwill towards men. In the course of the evening, Malietoa himself arrived from the seat of war, and came off to the vessel. While he was conversing with the white chiefs, Mr. Williams experienced another marvellous deliverance from death. Malietoa took down a brass blunderbuss which the captain had previously loaded with no less than eight bullets, and, after curiously examining the weapon, pointed it at Mr. Williams, and was about to pull the trigger. The captain, at this instant, rushed into the cabin, and prevented him from firing off the weapon. Thus, once again, God interposed to save the life of His

A SAMOAN VILLAGE.





servant, who was, as we all are, immortal until his work was fully done. The next day, after sunset, Messrs. Williams and Barff landed. An immense crowd met them, some having lighted torches, and others, more timid, climbing, Zacchæus-like, into the trees, there to catch a glimpse of these singular strangers. As Mr. Williams complained of feeling fatigued, he and his comrade were seized and carried at full length for about half-a-mile, and then deposited safely in the presence of Malietoa, who gave them a very hearty welcome, and invited them to take up their residence with him. They preferred, however, spending their time with the teachers, who were soon to be left alone in Samoa, and therefore went to the house which Tamalelangi had given them.

Though not in the true order of time, an amusing incident may be here transcribed from Mr. Williams' journal. During his stay at Samoa, six or eight vampire bats were captured, and as the missionaries were then unacquainted with their habits, the bats were suspended by their hind legs from a string in the vessel's cabin. When the cabin light went out, the bats began to examine their new abode, and one of them, while doing so, fell into the treacle barrel. By means of his claws, he managed to get out ; what followed may be best told in Mr. Williams' own words. "His companions, being attracted by his superior sweetness, began to lick him. He, being annoyed by the furious licking of his friends, took to his legs or rather claws, and hooked himself away with all possible speed. All the others gave chase, and in they went to the bed of my brother missionary, who was awoke by all these animals crawling over him. It was in vain to try and shake them off the clothes, as with their beaks they held on so very fast.

To take them off with the hands was a more fearful experiment, as they are angry little things, and use their teeth to advantage. Hearing the bustle in my neighbour's cabin, I inquired the cause. He replied, 'That all these little devils had come into his cabin to torment him.' On obtaining a light, we enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of our friend, for in addition to seeing six or eight black imps sprawling and crawling about the bed, we saw the bed bedaubed with treacle, and all of them chasing and licking the unfortunate sweet one, who was so annoyed and angry, that he fought like a fury. After this exhibition of their tormenting powers, we banished them from the cabin."

From the same journal, we extract a recipe for what Mr. Williams calls, "a good substitute for a hot cup of tea or a bason of gruel." Of this Samoan delicacy, he says: "It is prepared from the young cocoanut. The young nut, when about a quarter of an inch thick on the shell, is soft; this being scraped out, is squeezed between the hands till it is broken into very small pieces. The water of the nut is then poured with it into a wooden bowl, and hot stones put into it. It is then put into cocoanut shell cups, and served up. I had it for breakfast every morning, and got to like it very much. The chiefs generally have it very early." Mr. Williams also remarks: "They make soups also from fish, boiling them in leaves; they not having the art, which the Fiji Indians possess, of making fire-proof earthenware." Before continuing the narrative, we may also notice a singular mode of expressing mourning which was common in Samoa. Only women practised it, and they were spotted all over with dark patches which formed designs. This appearance was obtained by

twisting up a piece of native cloth and setting fire to it. The skin was then touched by the flame, and, of course, was raised into a blister. This blister, when healed, was darker than the rest of the skin, and it is said that these dark patches were not displeasing to the eye. From this, it will readily be believed that the natives are not free from vanity; with them the large blue bead was in such esteem, for personal adornment, that a large hog was eagerly given for six of them.

Returning now to the course of our narrative, the morning after Mr. Williams landed, a public meeting was held to discuss his proposals. According to custom, Mr. Williams gave presents to both Malietoa and his brother. Tamalelangi, with unwonted generosity, handed nearly all the gifts that he had received to his brother the king. Malietoa, though evidently much gratified by his brother's kindness, refused to accept these goods from Tamalelangi's hands. The royal brothers readily promised to protect the teachers, and the latter were themselves much delighted with the reception they had so far received from the natives. Before leaving Samoa, Mr. Williams received a visit from Matatau, the gigantic chief of Manono. Matatau requested a teacher for his island, and declared that when he had one, "he would make his people place themselves under instruction." Mr. Williams promised to bring him a teacher upon his next visit to Samoa, and advised him rather to set a good example to his people, as the employment of any coercion was quite opposed to the Gospel. Mr. Williams conveyed this chief to his own island, and, accompanied by Malietoa, who was returning to Upolu, *The Messenger of Peace* left Samoa.

In reviewing the incidents of this memorable

voyage, Mr. Williams remarks very beautifully, "There are two little words in our language which I have always admired, TRY and TRUST. You know not what you *can* or *cannot* effect until you TRY; and if you make your trials in the exercise of *trust* in God, mountains of imaginary difficulty will vanish as you approach them, and facilities will be afforded which you never anticipated." Certainly no better example of the power of Try and Trust can be found than in Mr. Williams' own career; the two words might almost be called the motto of his life. By trying, he accomplished far more than he could have anticipated, and by trusting in God and in man, he secured the opportunity for further service.

After bidding farewell to Samoa, Mr. Williams in vain attempted to make for Savage Island, where he intended to land the two natives whom he had brought from thence. But in consequence of contrary winds they were unable to do this, and *The Messenger of Peace* went on to Raratonga. Upon landing there, to their unspeakable joy, they found that the plague, which had raged so furiously at their previous visit, had now abated. Two or three happy days were spent at Raratonga, and among other friends, Mr. Williams met Buteve, the cripple. During the prevalence of the pestilence, Buteve had courageously confronted a war party and besought them to live at peace, and not to disturb "the peace brought by the Gospel." Although the men threatened his life, the cripple continued to plead with them, saying that though they might spear him, they could not spear God, who could and would conquer them. "This, God has now most effectually done," remarked Buteve, "and Raratonga is again Raratonga." With the greatest reluctance the voyagers resumed their jour-



ney, and after a quick run made Tahiti. At Eimeo, the mission settlement, all the Christians assembled to hear an account of the recent voyage. One old chief was so delighted when he heard of what had been accomplished in Samoa, that he was constrained to urge the missionaries to persist in their good work. Not long after this gathering, this chief passed away ; while dying he remarked to his friends, "The blood of Jesus is my foundation. Jesus is the best King ; He gives a pillow without thorns." Leaving Eimeo with the hearty congratulations of their friends, *The Messenger of Peace* reached Raiatea in safety.

Here Mr. Williams was called upon, soon after his arrival, to stand by the death-bed of poor old blind Me, one of the trophies of Divine grace in Raiatea. Me had been formerly a famous warrior, and in the days of his heathenism a terror to all the inhabitants of Raiatea. Ever since Mr. Williams' first arrival, however, he had been a diligent attendant upon the means of grace ; it was therefore with great sorrow that Mr. Williams bade him farewell. "I saw an immense mountain," said Me to his friend, "with precipitous sides, up which I endeavoured to climb, but when I had attained a considerable height, I lost my hold and fell to the bottom. Exhausted with perplexity and fatigue, I went to a distance and sat down to weep, and while weeping I saw a drop of blood fall upon that mountain, and in a moment it was dissolved. That mountain was my sins, and the drop which fell upon it was one drop of the precious blood of Jesus, by which the mountain of my guilt must be melted away." In this faith and confidence he shortly afterwards died. Mr. Williams said, "I retired from the overwhelming and interesting scene, praying as I

went that my end might be like his." Alas, how little we know of what is to come.

Too full of faith to forbode trouble, it now appeared as if it were God's will that Mr. Williams must return to England. His wife became so ill that her life was despaired of; but her husband was anxious to complete his translation of the New Testament into Raratongan before leaving the South Seas. He, however, assembled the natives, and informed them about the circumstances that were distressing him. They grieved so much at the idea of even a temporary separation, that Mr. Williams agreed to remain at Raiatea, if his wife's health should improve. Contrary to all expectation, this was the case, and Mr. Williams was mercifully able to stay through the troublous times that now came to Raiatea. This trouble arose from various causes, the chief one being a threatened war. It appears that many years before, a chief named Tapoa had conquered Raiatea and the adjacent islands. Now, his grandson of the same name, having succeeded to Tapoa's dominions, claimed also the supremacy that his grandfather once enjoyed, and further, he threatened to support his claim by the force of arms. The anxieties caused by this threatened subjugation accelerated the death of Tamatoa, the aged king of Raiatea. "Beware, lest the Gospel be driven from these islands," was his dying charge to his subjects. To Mr. Williams, he said: "My dear friend, how long we have laboured together in this good cause! Nothing has ever separated us; now death is doing what nothing else has done; but who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

Every method having been tried in vain to induce Tapoa the Second to relinquish his designs, which also contemplated the re-establishment of idolatry

under his protection, the Raiateans were encouraged by their teachers to resist the expected attack upon their homes and possessions. Notwithstanding the extreme peril to which he exposed himself by so doing (for one of Tapoa's followers actually attempted to kill him), Mr. Williams did his utmost to secure peace. He at length induced the chiefs of Tahiti to interfere, and these mediations effected an agreement which it was hoped would prevent a war. As the conflict thus appeared to have been averted, and as Mr. and Mrs. Smith had arrived to take charge of Mr. Williams' stations, he determined to embrace the opportunity of visiting Raratonga once more. Accordingly, on the 21st of September, 1831, *The Messenger of Peace* left Raiatea, and seven days later reached Raratonga. After a brief stay there, Mr. Williams took Mr. Buzzacott with him, on a visit to the various islands of the Hervey group. Mr. Buzzacott noticed especially the cordial manner with which Mr. Williams was everywhere received. "The natives clung around him" he said, "he seemed to be one with them." At Atiu he nearly lost his life. Whilst attempting to row from the shore to the ship, the boat was dashed against the reef, and Mr. Williams was carried to a great depth below the sea. By the assistance of two natives who perceived his peril, Mr. Williams was rescued for the sixth time from a watery grave. Full of devout gratitude for his preservation, he returned again to Raratonga, where he busied himself in completing his translation of the Scriptures. His work was first interrupted by the discovery of a plot to restore tattooing and some other heathen practices, and a fortnight after this nefarious design was suppressed, a worse trouble came upon Raratonga. This was a fearful hurricane, which

swept across the island, levelling nearly a thousand houses, and uprooting many trees in every district of Raratonga. *The Messenger of Peace* was carried on the crest of a wave several miles inland, breaking off branches of trees that were twelve or thirteen feet from the ground, and at length working itself into a hole about five feet deep. Had not its further progress been stopped by a grove of large chestnut trees, the poor vessel would have sunk into a bog, which lay beyond the chestnut trees.

Mrs. Williams herself had a very narrow escape of being killed during this storm, the wall of the house falling upon her bed immediately after she had quitted it. A few days after this peril, she buried another infant who had died in consequence of the storm. A touching incident is related in connection with this bereavement. Just before the coffin-lid was closed, little Samuel, then about four years of age, sobbed out, "Father, mother, why do you plant my little brother? Don't plant him! I cannot bear to have him planted!"

The hurricane which wrought so much mischief, was variously regarded by the natives. Some of them bitterly complained that it was the worst of five calamities that had come upon them since the introduction of Christianity, and in disgust they returned to their former ways. Others more wisely regarded the misfortune as a call to repentance, and comforted themselves with the fact that they had still the Bible left to them. By the judicious distribution of axes and other tools among the people, Mr. Williams encouraged them to repair, as far as possible, the devastation caused by the tempest. But as misfortunes never come alone, he discovered that a cask of oil (which had contained about 180 gallons) required for

making *chunam*, a material used instead of copper to protect the bottom of the vessel from worms and render it watertight, had all leaked away. Some thief had helped himself to the oil, and neglecting to insert the spile, had suffered the contents of the cask to run to waste. This loss could not now be replaced, and while perplexed by the anxiety it occasioned, some natives stole the best boat and put to sea in her. Thus distressed by many concurrent troubles, it was some months before *The Messenger of Peace* could be extricated from the hole into which she had sunk, and carried overland to the ocean. At length, by dint of hard toil, she was floated again, and as soon as the injuries which she had sustained had been repaired, she started for Tahiti, in order to obtain some provisions for the needy Raratongans, whose food crops had been destroyed by the recent hurricane.

At Tahiti, Mr. Williams heard tidings from Raiatea which might well have caused a less earnest man to despair. A cask of spirits, purchased from a trading vessel, had excited such a craving for drink that soon nearly twenty stills were at work upon the island, with the consequence that scarcely a hundred of the population could be found who were not drunkards. Mr. Williams was not a man to hesitate; he went at once to Raiatea, and by his earnest remonstrances, induced the people to abolish the stills, and form themselves into a Temperance Society. After this success, he returned to Raratonga, carrying with him several barrels of flour, and other articles of food which he had purchased from an American captain. He also took back with him several horses, asses, and some horned cattle, animals previously unknown in Raratonga. These animals amazed the natives, and they gave them singular names. The horse, they

called "the great pig that carries man," the dog, they called "the barking pig," and the ass, "the noisy," or "long-eared pig." Although the civilisation of the people was only a secondary object with the missionaries, such a cargo as was now brought by *The Messenger of Peace*, was of immense service to Raratonga. In thus acting, they simply followed the Saviour's example, a large part of whose ministry concerned itself with healing disease and supplying the temporal wants of the needy ; it is at least questionable if neglect in following His example be not a serious detriment to the success of His Church now-a-days.





## CHAPTER VI.

A WANDERER WITH MANY HOMES.

1832-1834.

“ I, on the other side,  
Used no ambition to commend my deeds.  
The deeds themselves, though mute, spoke loud the doer.”  
MILTON.

“ Some men, like a tiled house, are long before they take fire ;  
but, once in flame, there is no coming near to quench them.”—  
THOMAS FULLER.

HAVING now supplied the temporal necessities of his friends in Raratonga, Mr. Williams prepared for his second voyage to Samoa. Makea, the king of Raratonga, resolved to accompany his friend in this expedition.

At sunset, therefore, on the 11th of October, 1832, *The Messenger of Peace* set sail with a fair wind. The king was in high spirits, but his friends wept very much when bidding him farewell.

On the following Tuesday, after their leaving Raratonga, Teava, a convert from Mr. Buzzacott's church, offered a remarkable prayer, which Mr. Williams has given in its entirety in his “Enterprises.” Afterwards,

Teava inquired how it was that David in the Psalms spoke so much about Jehovah, while Paul in his Epistles chiefly talked about Jesus Christ, and yet both were inspired men. Mr. Williams endeavoured to solve the difficulty by pointing out the difference between the Old and New Dispensations.

The voyage itself presents no other incidents of interest, and on the 17th, at daybreak, after a run of 800 miles, which they accomplished in five days, Manua, the most easterly of the Samoan islands, was descried. As Mr. Williams had resolved to visit every island in the Samoan group during this voyage, he stood in for Manua, and at nine o'clock was close to the shore. Although Manua was 250 miles from Sapapalia, the residence of the native teachers, several visitors who boarded the vessel announced themselves as "Sons of the Word." Here also, were to be found some natives of Raivavae, who, many years before, had drifted away from home, and who, being Christians, had erected a chapel in this strange land. On the opposite side of the island, Mr. Williams also found Christians. At Ososenga, the next island visited, the chief came on board, accompanied by an English boy who had run away from a whaling ship. This chief begged hard for powder and muskets, and when denied these, he entreated Mr. Williams to come ashore. But, being very anxious to reach Savaii before Sunday, Mr. Williams declined the invitation, and went on to Teituita. Here the natives were extremely wild, but such expert paddlers that they easily kept alongside the vessel. In one of these canoes was an Englishman, William Gray by name. From him, Mr. Williams heard of a man, who, Gray said, was "always reading his Bible, and turning men to religion." Gray himself had expressed his own religious opinions to



the natives thus—"‘It’s all one to me,’ I says to them, ‘whether they worship our God or their own; it’s only another name.’”

After sending an encouraging message to the Teituilan Cornelius, Mr. Williams proceeded along the coast. In one district, they found fifty people who had renounced idolatry, and had erected a small chapel for worship. Their chief begged hard for a teacher, promising to become a Christian himself, if only “a worker of religion” came to reside with him. This chief went himself regularly to the native teachers, in order, “to get some religion, which I bring carefully home, and give to the people. When that is gone, I take my canoe again and fetch some more. Give me a man full of religion, that I may not expose my life to danger by going such a distance to fetch it.” Mr. Williams promised that on his next visit he would bring this “worker of religion” a teacher, and returned much encouraged to his vessel. Here he found another chief, who had come from a neighbouring valley, awaiting him. This man, and his people, had also become nominal Christians, and as a proof of his knowledge, he placed his hands together in the form of a book, and after repeating a chapter from the spelling book, he knelt down upon the deck and recited a prayer in mingled Samoan and Tahitian.

Leaving these interesting people, with a promise that he would visit them again, Mr. Williams went on to Upolu, where Tamafainga had been killed. Here he met with two runaway English sailors, who described to him, with great glee, their success “in turning people religious.” “I does a great deal for these people, sir,” said one; “I’ve been nine miles to-day to see a sick man. I reads a chapter and a

prayer over them, and when they gets well they generally 'turns religious.'" Not understanding Mr. Williams' silence, the sailor boasted that, after reading over one sick man, the pain removed to another part of the body, whence it was also driven by a second reading, and the man recovered. By these incantations he claimed even to have cured white swelling of the knee. Mr. Williams faithfully warned these men against their evil practices, at the same time encouraging them to impart what little knowledge they possessed to the people. These sailors, Mr. Williams found, had many imitators; from their influence a sect had sprung up through the islands, founded upon a perversion of Christianity.

On Saturday, the 20th, *The Messenger of Peace* reached the settlement of Malietoa. The king himself was absent from home, engaged in his favourite diversion of pigeon catching. At first, Mr. Williams took up his residence with the king's brother, but upon remembering the extreme jealousy of the natives, he subsequently removed to the king's own house. The next day was Sunday, and in the morning a congregation of 700 persons assembled in the chapel. The singing was not congregational, for it was found that the women sang the hymns at their indelicate dances, so the teachers alone sang the hymns. Mr. Williams describes the congregation as the very wildest that he had ever seen. Some of the chiefs had mats cast over their shoulders, or fastened round their middle, but their long, stiff hair, in some cases, stood erect like the prickles of a hedgehog; others had long frizzly hair which gave their heads a very large appearance, and a third section had their hair made up into a huge ball upon the head, "forming a large, round, beautiful top-knot." The women were far more savage in their

appearance than the men, but so well satisfied were they with their costume, that they had continually invited the teachers' wives to dress after the Samoan mode, adding as an inducement, that then "you will have all the handsome young men of the town loving you." "However, the teachers' wives are not yet converted to the fashions of the Samoan ladies," remarks Mr. Williams with a touch of humour. After the service, about one o'clock, the king arrived. He greeted his visitors very cordially, and told them that his heart was "Monao tasi lava I te lotu a Jehova," that is, "Single in its desire to know Jehovah."

After the service in the afternoon, one of the native teachers rose and addressed the assembly :

"Friends," said he, "for a long time past we have been subjected to ridicule and reproach by some of you. You have represented us as deceivers, and have said much evil against us. Here is our minister, Mr. Williams, for whom you said that you would wait. You can now ask him any question that you please, upon the truth of what we have told you. Further, there is an imposter who has taught some of you to keep Saturday as the sacred day. Some of you have rejected us, and adhered to the advice of an ignorant and wicked man. Here is Mr. Williams, who is from the foundation of truth, England. He, with his brother missionaries, is the fountain from which all true knowledge in these seas has come. Now ask him upon all the points upon which you have doubted our words. He is our root."

No one replied to this challenge, and after a brief interval of silence, the king himself arose, and said that the teachers should not regard what ignorant and insignificant individuals had said. "Let every one," he continued, "from this time put away all

suspicious and evil feeling. For now, surely, you all are convinced that what you have heard is true. Let the Savaii and let all Upolu embrace this great religion. The Samoan people are very simple to listen to what a stinking pig had to say to them about religion, or to notice a stinking pig's Sabbath. For my part, my whole soul shall be given to the word of Jehovah, and I will use my utmost endeavours that the word of Jehovah might encircle the land."

After the chief had concluded this speech, Mr. Williams requested one of the teachers to inform the people that on the next day he would meet the people, and answer any questions that they might wish to put to him.

In the evening of the same day, Mr. Williams preached to nearly a thousand people, and during the absence of the teachers after service (who were conducting family worship in different households), he composed three hymns for Samoan use; one of which is appended, as a specimen of his poetical powers, with a translation by himself:—

*Hymn.*

Alofa tete lena nei  
Ua alofa ia ai tatou,  
Alofa tete o Jesu Christ  
Ioti mai i ʻēi.

Etama pele o Jesu Christ  
E Atalii beleī  
Ua oti mai i lolo nei  
Ia ota foi tatou.

Faalogens uma lava foi  
Lo tatou loto nei  
Ia malolo le atamai  
Ia sau o Jesu Christ.

*Translation.*

Great is His compassion,  
His mercy to us,  
Great the love of Jesus Christ  
To die upon the earth.

A beloved son was Jesus Christ,  
A very good son;  
But He died down here below  
To obtain salvation for us.

Let us every one believe  
With our whole hearts,  
That our soul may obtain salvation  
When Jesus Christ shall come.

The next morning, Malietoa endeavoured to bring *The Messenger of Peace* within the lagoon, in order to thereby retain his visitors ; but, fortunately, the design was detected before any injury was done to the vessel. Although he failed in this attempt, at the public meeting, which was held on the same day, Monday, Malietoa publicly expressed his determination to abandon war, and to protect any white missionaries who might, as he hoped, settle at Savaii. "My one desire is to know, *love, and serve Jehovah,*" he declared. And when Mr. Williams expressed himself satisfied as to his sincerity, the old king clasped his hands and said, "Oh, how fearfully wise these people are !"

After this gathering, Mr. Williams examined the teachers as to their experience during his absence. They told him that at first they were troubled by severe sickness, which did not abate for some time. Afterwards the king's son and brother began to attend their meetings. But the war which had been undertaken to avenge the death of Tamafainga was a great drawback to their efforts. When it had terminated, the king himself embraced Christianity. He proposed that for a time his sons should continue in the old worship ; in fact, until he had himself proved that there was no danger in embracing the Gospel. "If I die, or it goes ill with me," he said, "you have still your spirits, which you have not abandoned." The young men did not dare to openly oppose their father, but they secretly ate their *Etu*, a species of fish, in which the spirit of their god was supposed to reside. But, while thus abandoning their idolatry, the young men took the precaution to drink a quantity of scented oil, which they supposed would prevent the spirits from harming them. After awhile, they publicly announced their conversion, and, as a

national repudiation of heathenism, the god of war, which consisted of a piece of rotten matting, was sentenced to be destroyed; at first it was decided to burn it, but this was thought to be too cruel an end, so the matting was drowned. In addition to this public renunciation of his idolatry, Malietoa further proved the sincerity and depth of his new convictions by refusing to engage in war, although the people of Manono gave him considerable provocation, in order, indeed, to invite a conflict, and even went so far as to conspire against his life.

With the teachers, to whose instructions this change was to be attributed, Mr. Williams was much pleased, and to assist them in their various evangelistic journeys he helped them to construct a boat of their own. One great hindrance to their work was the great natural indolence of the natives, which rendered it almost impossible to teach them to read. The Samoans could not "apply themselves with sufficient energy to master the alphabet, for before they had sat down five minutes they would cry out, 'Oh, how tired I am, put it away!'" One native ingeniously excused his ignorance by saying, "Writing, good for Captain, but Samoan more clever, and can retain things in his head, and does not need writing!" Mr. Williams, however, encouraged the teachers to persevere in instructing the natives, and strongly recommended them to adopt a catechism, as a method suitable to strengthen the memories of the people, as well as to instil into their minds useful knowledge.

That the Samoans were not deficient in acuteness appeared from an incident recorded by Mr. Williams in his journal. One morning the mission party were engaged in scalding and salting hogs in order to victual *The Messenger of Peace*. They had no pan

large enough in which to boil sufficient water, and knew not what to do. The natives heated a number of stones red hot, and put them into a large trough full of water, which simple expedient in a few seconds made the water boil. Like the egg of Columbus, no one had previously thought of this method, though all immediately approved of it.

On Wednesday the 24th, Mr. Williams paid a visit to Amoa, a settlement about eight miles distant from Malietoa's capital. Here he found two young chiefs, who had built for themselves a chapel, as all their subjects were at least nominal Christians. Here, at Amoa, he also met with a remarkable woman. Having herself become a Christian, she became an active teacher of her sex, and by her persuasions nearly a hundred women had embraced Christianity.

Mr. Williams thus describes his meeting with this woman :—

“I was interrupted by the appearance of a line of females, following each other in goose-like procession. There were about seventy of them, and each carried something in her hand. They entered the house in which I sat, and then placed before me a baked pig, taro, cocoanuts, and other articles. The chief woman then addressed me as follows—‘I have just heard that you had come up to this settlement, and I feared that you would not reach so far as my settlement. So I collected the Christian females together, and have come in order to pay my respects to you, as the chief to whom I am indebted for the knowledge of Jehovah. Our offering is small, for none of our husbands have yet become “Sons of the Word.”’

“I was informed that this woman was in the habit of obtaining all the information that she could, and then of returning to her own place, and of imparting

the knowledge to others which she had herself received. As soon as her stock of knowledge was expended she would revisit the teachers and spend a week or a fortnight with them."

This woman had persuaded from between seventy to one hundred females to become Christians, though she had been unable to induce the husbands of her converts to believe as their wives did.

"Those women," says Mr. Williams, "had decorated themselves with as much care as ladies do in England when they meet with persons for whom they entertain a high respect. The dress of the chief woman consisted of a red shaggy mat, which was tied round the loins, and which reached down almost halfway to the knee. One corner of this was tucked up so as to expose the left thigh almost as far as the hip. Her body was anointed with scented oil, which made it shine most brightly in the sun. She was further tinged off with an orange-coloured rouge, which had been prepared from the turmeril. This paint was most freely applied under the armpits and about her bosom. She had a row of large blue beads around her neck, and bracelets of the same coloured beads were round her wrists. Her head was shaved, with the exception of a tuft of hair which was but little larger than a crown piece. But over the left brow a lock of hair about six or seven inches in length dangled not ungracefully. Some of her companions were ladies of rank, as was evident by the white mats that they wore; but all wore the blue beads, which they esteem as English ladies do pearls and diamonds."

But the time had now come for Mr. Williams to leave Samoa; and as the enmity existing between the chief of Manono and Malietoa might endanger the mission, *The Messenger of Peace* was sent to Manono



with an invitation to the chief to visit Malietoa. That chief having refused to come, Mr. Williams induced Malietoa to go with him to Manono. Malietoa took several of his wives with him, who were so pleased with the softness of the pillows and sheets, that they wished to appropriate the missionary's cabin and bed for themselves.

On arriving at Manono, Mr. Williams brought the two chiefs together, and induced them to be reconciled. Malietoa for his part, said that his desire was very great for the word of Jehovah, and that he would never fight again. "I have cast away war, I have trodden it under foot. I am sick and surfeited of war," he said. He and Matetau assured their friend that "we have determined to be of one heart and mind in supporting the religion you have brought us, and we will both use our influence in the future to prevent all war."

Near Manono is a small oblong island, inaccessible except by a narrow channel between two rocks. Mr. Williams compares the island to a basin with a quarter broken off. Should the people of Manono be worsted in battle, they retire to this island; across the chasm they throw a bridge from whence they hurl stones upon their assailants, while a tripping line is laid along the water, so that any canoe entering the passage is inevitably wrecked.

These people are called Malo or Victorious, and they keep a curious stone register of their wars. A stone of peculiar shape is put into a large basket after each victory. Just before Mr. Williams visited the island, the basket contained 197 stones. As the Malo, it was agreed, had never been aggressors in any war, the register shows the ferocity of the South Sea Islanders.

*The Messenger of Peace* was nearly wrecked while off this island, for just as she was weathering the point, the wind suddenly failed. The strong current carried the ship helplessly towards the fearful cliffs towering above, with the waves dashing against their precipitous sides in awful fury. But providentially a breeze sprung up, and saved the vessel from drifting upon those dreadful walls. After escaping from this peril, the missionary party encountered many other difficulties before they found a harbour at Apia. Here they were surrounded by natives, "who were extremely anxious for tin to make their pipes with, our sottish countrymen," notes Mr. Williams, "having taught them the use of that noxious herb, tobacco. Not being able to obtain tin, they thought copper would answer the purpose, and tried to take some off the ship's stern-post; but being caught in the act, we obliged the canoes to keep a more respectful distance."

Upon the following day the party landed, and were struck with a singular custom that the women of Apia have of plastering their hair with lime. "The lime burns their hair, and gives it a brown tinge, of which they appear very fond." The chief of this place professed himself a Christian, and about 80 of his people shared his faith. While praying with them, Mr. Williams says, "never did I feel more bitterly the evil of Babel's confusion, than when I was obliged on this interesting occasion, to pray in the Raratongan tongue."

After leaving Apia, *The Messenger of Peace* touched at Keppel's Island, where the missionaries found the widow of Puna, formerly a teacher at Rurutu. "The poor woman sent her two children to meet me, and conduct me to the hut she was living in," says Mr.

Williams in his journal. "Native-like she clung to my legs, and wept aloud for a long time." At Keppel's Island they also heard of a teacher who called himself Samuel; by this man's influence half of the 500 natives living upon the island had become Christians. With Puna's widow and children on board, the voyage was resumed.

After being becalmed for two days, the party were alarmed on Sunday evening, the 11th of November, by finding that half-an-hour's pumping did not clear the ship. Seven minutes was generally sufficient for that purpose. A careful search revealed the fact that a hole had been bored in a water cask, containing 130 gallons, and that the lad had forgotten to insert a plug. This, however, did not account for the quantity of water they found in the hold, and after pumping the ship dry, they determined to lay to until the morning. About four o'clock, the mate aroused Mr. Williams, to say that there was three feet of water in the hold. Two and a-half hours' vigorous pumping cleared the ship of water; but it was found that one pump must be kept going, to keep the ship dry. The efforts of the crew to discover the leak were unavailing; and towards evening, the two bags of biscuits and some cocoa-nuts were placed in a convenient place, near the two boats and canoe, ready in case those on board were compelled hurriedly to leave the ship. "Thus a day of consternation, anxiety, and distress has passed over me, such as I never experienced," wrote Mr. Williams. "I have been enabled, however, to maintain entire suppression, and to make all arrangements with the utmost coolness. It is to all appearance a frowning providence, but a smiling face may one day be known to be hidden behind it. During the following night, while sleeplessly listening to the pumps, I traced over

in my mind almost every plank and every seam, and every bulk end in the vessel, from stem to stern-post, and from keel to deck, and I don't think anything can possibly have given way."

To add to their anxiety, a strong head wind now sprung up; but by working the pumps for seven minutes every half-hour, they kept the water from accumulating. To their no small joy, on Friday the 16th, they made Vauvau, where some Wesleyan missionaries were now stationed.

They had much difficulty in making an anchorage, but at ten o'clock they came to the beach, and Mr. Williams went on shore to ask if the missionaries had any letters for Tonga. Makea accompanied his friend. "He is always ready to go on shore where a missionary resides, but he does not like to trust himself on shore where no missionary has been," says Mr. Williams.

The visitors were somewhat astonished when they reached the mission premises to find the natives all drawn up under arms, "some with spears, some with clubs, and others with the more formidable weapon, from whose mouth issues fire and brimstone and smoke." Mr. Turner was from home, busy upon the house that he was building for the mission, but Mr. Williams went in search of him. The two missionaries speedily became fast friends, and spent a pleasant evening in each other's society.

"I was happy to find," says Mr. Williams in his journal, "that nearly the whole of the inhabitants of Vauvau have embraced Christianity.

"The congregation on Sabbath days consists of two or three thousand people. Although they have erected a large chapel, Mr. Turner says 'that it is not nearly large enough for the requirements of the converts.'"

About two hundred of these hearers met in class, and eight hundred others were candidates for baptism. This was the result of only four months' labour. Mr. Williams, writing on the subject, says: "I felt a considerable interest in listening to the details of the progress of the mission at Vauvau, for from the determined opposition of the king, Finau, when we saw him two years ago (when he threatened to put to death any of his people, man, woman, or child, who should embrace the religion of the Gospel), it could not have been anticipated that, in so short a time, he himself, with every man, woman, and child in his island, should embrace the religion to which he appeared at that time to have such an utter aversion. But so it is in the ways of God; frequently a blessing is near when it is thought to be a long way off."

"I asked Mrs. Turner if she did not feel the loneliness of her situation very much, and told her that I wondered how she could possibly content herself in this altogether out-of-the-world place. She replied, 'that truly it was trying to be so circumstanced, but that her only desire was to be where the Lord would love her to be. If this were so, she thought she could be reconciled to any place, however lonely.'" Such a reply, so much in the spirit of the questioner, is the more to be noticed when we learn that sometimes the missionaries were short of supplies. At times they were so short of water that they were compelled to purchase it by the cocoanut-shell full. Nor were the natives at all liberal towards their benefactors. They refused to perform the least service for the missionary unless liberally paid for all that they did. This absence of the gentle courtesies which soothe and soften the sorrows of life was keenly

felt by the missionaries to be an aggravation of their hard lot.

The exiles were therefore the more loth to part with their visitors, and strongly urged them to remain, at least over the Sunday. But the desire to return home, that Mr. Williams confessed now filled his soul, prevented his accepting this welcome invitation. From the loneliness of her own situation, Mrs. Turner was able to sympathise with this feeling, and she asked Mr. Williams how long he had been absent from home.

"Nearly twelve weeks," was the reply.

"How can your poor wife endure the loneliness thus among savage people?" queried Mrs. Turner; "I will not press you to stay even a day with us, for it would be cruel to do so. I know how I should feel it if Mr. Turner were absent."

As the water was very smooth, natives were employed to dive beneath the vessel, and thus were able to thoroughly examine her hull. At the same time the interior was carefully scrutinised and the cabin floor taken up. But all their efforts were fruitless, the leak could not be detected. At eleven o'clock the party left Vauvau and went on to Tonga, or Tongatabu, which means sacred Tonga. Vauvau is not so much one island, as a collection of small rocky crags that are only habitable in the little bays that here and there pierce through the tall crags. "It is the most dreary place imaginable; the tall barren rocks shut in the people, the general barrenness and the deathlike stillness that prevailed—except for the vicious sounds of the sea rushing beneath the bases of the rocks—make residence there a terrible trial." A strong head wind prevented them from making as much haste from this dreary spot as they

desired, and therefore, instead of being twenty-four hours in making Tonga as usual, they were six days on the voyage, and this with the leak in the vessel undiscovered and unstopped. Twelve days they had been fighting with the water in the vessel, and therefore they were delighted to find an English ship at Tonga.

This island, unlike Vauvau, is flat ; the long line of shore is not relieved by any mountain scenery. Here, in the year 1796, a party of ten missionaries were landed. Three of them were cruelly murdered, and the survivors only preserved their lives by hiding until a ship touched at the island. In this they left Tonga, and for some time the island was without missionaries. As in other places, the opposition against them was caused and led by a renegade Englishman, who in this case was an escaped convict. This man induced the king to believe that the missionaries were wizards, and that an epidemic which then raged with great fury was the result of their enchantments.

Upon the next page is a picture of a Tongan village. It will be seen that the houses are oval in form, the rounded ends being indications of their primitive condition.

Miss Gordon-Cumming says of these structures : " They have the same deep thatch as the Fijian houses, which is generally of reeds of the wild sugar cane. The walls are of plaited cocoa palm leaves or of leaves interlaced. The houses have no stone foundation to raise them above the damp earth, and in many of the poorer huts the floors are merely strewn with dried grass, instead of having neat mats, such as the poorest Fijian would possess. Only in the wealthier houses did we see coarse mats made of pandorus. In

the majority, however, there is an inner room screened off to form a separate sleeping corner; and we noticed that the Tongan pillow closely resembles that of Fiji, being merely a bit of bamboo supported by two legs. The cooking is generally done in a separate hut, built over an oven in the ground, but a good many ovens are *al fresco*, and the daily yams or the pig of high festivals are baked quite in public."



A VILLAGE IN TONGA.

A boat came off to *The Messenger of Peace*, and from the young man in charge of her Mr. Williams heard that Raiatea was again threatened with war. As the reefs around Tonga were very dangerous, and he was totally unacquainted with them, Mr. Williams gave the vessel into the pilot's charge, and set off in an open boat for the shore. They were nearly five hours before they landed, but the cordial welcome



that they received from their missionary brethren made them soon forget their fatigue.

Among other items of news that he learned during the evening, Mr. Williams heard some tidings of dissension between Christian men, which caused him to exclaim, "How numerous are the enemies that Satan raises against the good work of the Lord, both at home and abroad, both among its professed friends as well as from other quarters!"

After a night's rest, Mr. Williams put off in the boat, in order to look for the vessel. She, however, could not be seen, and as it was blowing hard they landed upon a small island. Here they found a water-snake, with some thirty or forty young ones, that lay curled and twisted together. They killed the mother, with a few of her young, and carried them to the boat. The large snake was found to measure three feet six inches in length, and to be about the thickness of a lady's wrist. But when the skin was placed on the rocks in order to dry, the natives of the island assailed them, because they had killed their god when they killed the snake. After a while they were a little pacified, but they threatened the "mischievous man" who had been seen with the snake skin in his hand that he should not dare to land. After this trouble had been overcome, Mr. Williams began to be much disturbed because the ship was not in sight. Even if he were able to return home, he could not but dread the perils that he felt would be caused if he went back to Raratonga without Makea. But about noon the ship was discovered in sight, and they went aboard. The vessel had suffered greatly from the gale, much to the alarm of Makea. "Everything was turned upside down," says Mr. Williams; "the spirit case was upset, and all the bottles were broken. The spirits

had run into my clothes-bag. The oil was spilt, the barrels broken, and much other damage required repair."

But by the aid of Captain Henry, who had accompanied Mr. Williams from the shore, the ship was safely brought within the reef. Mr. Williams was much affected when he saw the spot where Mr. Cross, one of the missionaries, had been drowned for lack of a proper boat. The next day was Saturday, and they decided to commence operations on Monday morning, in order to discover the leak. The captain of a vessel that had just arrived proffered his assistance, which was gratefully accepted. This captain had himself run his ship aground near Vauvau some twelve months previously, and therefore he was able to sympathise with his friends in their trouble. This having been settled, the king of Tonga sent an invitation to Makea to visit him. Makea accepted the invitation, and was received in great state. He was placed beside the king, and a baked pig and a basket of yams were placed before him. The pig was lifted up into full view of the semi-circle of chiefs who sat round. Then a native orator returned thanks in the name of Makea, who was thereupon requested to make himself at home in Tonga. A great root of kava was then presented to public view and duly acknowledged by the orator. This individual then "desired the people to prepare the kava. This they did by splitting the wood into small pieces, and each one took a mouthful of kava to chew. When they had well masticated this wood it was placed in a wooden bowl, and water was then poured upon it. The refuse was then strained out by a fibrous bark or grass, and the liquor was ready for use. The person officiating now fills a cup and cries out, 'The cup is

full,' and then he calls out the name of the person to whom it is to be taken. This favoured individual claps his hands together, thus producing a hollow sound, I suppose by way of answer to his name." The orator called out his own name first, and clapped his own hands in reply, and only at the third cup did he call out the name of the king. Then Makea was favoured, and after him Mr. Williams was invited to partake of the kava, which he refused. He says, however, "I determined—being fond of experiments—to try my powers of mastication upon the root. Accordingly, I chose a little piece out of the heart, but before it had been in my mouth half a minute I was glad to put it out again. It was extremely bitter, and produces a great discharge of saliva. The Tonga people had a hearty laugh at me, and said, 'The white men were clever at most things, but not at chewing kava.'"

The next day was the Sabbath, and Mr. Williams was delighted to see nearly six hundred of the natives assemble for Divine worship. He was also much struck with the singing, which was exceptionally good at this station.

"It has often excited my astonishment," says this intensely practical man, "that so little attention is paid to this art in our missionary seminaries, and that it does not enter into the minds of missionaries, and those who have charge of their education, that the heathen will be dependent on them, not only for making their hymns, but also for teaching them to sing the praises of God. It is therefore needful to direct the attention of the missionary student to the rules of poetical composition as well as to singing."

On Monday, all the valuable articles were taken out of the ship and placed in the mission house for safety.

A friend, who was more accustomed to these matters than Mr. Williams, undertook all arrangements that were needful, and the missionary therefore spent most of his time with the brethren who were stationed at Tonga.

Meanwhile the two English captains, whose ships were in harbour, assisted in heaving *The Messenger of Peace* down, and they then discovered that an auger hole into which the bolt had not been driven, was the cause of all the distress. Another hole had been pierced near it, but the first hole had not been plugged. For nearly six months dirt and stones had filled the hole so effectually that *The Messenger of Peace* had sailed several thousand miles without harm. The carpenter, with an auger, cleared out the hole, but neglecting to plug it, the ship began to fill again. She was at once dragged in shore, and foundered in shallow water. By this new disaster, the tea, sugar, salt, and biscuits, which had been placed in the cabin, were all "pickled together." A fortnight's labour was required to repair all this damage.

During this period of delay, the visitors were spectators of a native marriage. Both bridegroom and bride were young, not more than twenty years of age, and each was dressed in the height of Tonga costume. The dress of the female consisted of a huge roll of cloth, which was swathed round her like a belt, forming an immense protuberance all round her body. This necessitated the aid of a person who sustained her weight, for it was quite impossible for the poor creature to sit upright without assistance. The upper part of her body was quite bare, and so profusely anointed with sweet oil that it made the eyes of the spectators water to look upon her. The young man was also wrapped in a bandage of mats, one piled

upon another, and the upper part of his body was also anointed with oil.

From a wedding to a cemetery is a contrast, but it is often found in life. After the wedding ceremony, Mr. Williams took part in a native prayer meeting. Then he visited the sacred burying place of the chiefs. This was an extensive enclosure surrounded by a reed fence, within which were several small houses, each of which covered the grave of a chief. The grave itself was covered with white sand, and was carefully kept free from weeds. "The gigantic trees, with their varied and rich foliage, afforded a grateful shade, which, together with the deathlike stillness that prevails, gives a degree of solemnity to the place which you cannot help feeling as you saunter through the sacred regions of the dead. The deathlike silence is broken by the occasional screech of the vampire bats, that hang in great numbers from the tops of the trees."

From the cemetery, the visitor passed to the abode of the living chief who, however, was not at home. His six wives were busily engaged, during his absence, in painting a piece of native cloth fifteen or twenty yards long, and about ten yards wide. The paint was obtained from the juices of certain herbs, and was applied by hand to the fabric. The ladies, after answering Mr. Williams' questions, requested him to give them some tobacco, of which they were very fond. The chief had meanwhile returned, and he wanted Mr. Williams to partake of some refreshment. Before doing so, the missionary asked a blessing, whereupon the chief inquired of the interpreter who this stranger was. The interpreter, feeling himself great in his master's glory, told the chief that Mr. Williams was a very great chief, and said that he had carried the

Gospel to many islands. Then he enumerated them all in detail. The chief then complimented Mr. Williams upon his influence and wealth. "How rich you must be," he said, "So different from Tonga chiefs, who are very poor!" He then artlessly inquired as to what articles were manufactured at the various islands which had been visited by *The Messenger of Peace*. "Oh! mats, cloth, and nets."

"Dear me, those are the very things that I most require. Have you not a net to spare for me?"

Amused at the man's method of begging, Mr. Williams replied, "Yes, I have a net to spare. I will send it to you."

"Oh, no, I will come for it; do not take the trouble to send it to me."

But thinking that if the man came for the net he might discover that he was also in need of other articles that were on board the vessel, Mr. Williams refused to allow him to come, and promised to send him the present. The gift of a pair of scissors made the chief completely happy.

When asked about Christianity, this man at first parried the question, and when pressed he said that he did not care to be forced to believe in Christ. When the desire to do so grew of its own accord, he would follow the example of others and embrace the Gospel.

In his case, as with others, the chief difficulty probably was that he was unwilling to renounce the immoral dances of the heathen, and to give up his plurality of wives.

Mr. Williams found that the missionaries were fully alive to the intense importance of combating error by means of books. They had a large printing-press at work which, in little more than twelve months, had

turned out twenty-nine thousand one hundred small books, which in all contained four million seven hundred and seventy-two thousand pages.

The only fault that Mr. Williams could find with the missionaries was that they had insisted upon doing too much of the manual labour with their own hands; this, in such a climate, Mr. Williams considered to be very unwise. On the 5th of December he and his party left Tonga, making Raratonga in January, 1833. They had been fifteen weeks upon their voyage.

Mr. Williams now resolved to visit England, and therefore despatched *The Messenger of Peace* to Tahiti. She was to be sold there, and a vessel chartered in April to bring up Mr. Williams and his family. But no ship appeared, and Mr. Williams thought seriously of building another. An American had some time before commenced a vessel, but had not succeeded in completing her. Mr. Williams purchased his hull, finished the ship, and sailed in her to Tahiti. At Eimeo, he found a gentleman named Armitage, who had been sent out by the Directors in order to teach the natives how to weave. Leaving his wife and family in Mr. Barff's care, Mr. Williams returned with Mr. Armitage to Raratonga. Then he went on to Atiu, and after he had landed at this, to him, ill-fated island, the vessel was blown out to sea, and did not make the island again for three weeks. Mr. Williams had almost resolved upon building another vessel when the lost ship came in sight. He reached Raiatea on the 14th of October, and, after a brief stay, sailed with his family for England. He arrived there in June, 1834, and landed upon its shore after an exile of eighteen years.



## CHAPTER VII.

### A CHAMPION WITH MANY TROPHIES.

1834-1838.

“The dearest offering He can crave,  
His portion in our souls to prove,  
What is it to the gift He gave,  
The only Son of His dear love?”

KEBLE.

“Every one should strive to be like to them in grace that they strive to be equal with in glory.”—BROOKS.

**D**R. CAMPBELL assured Mr. Williams that the years he spent in England were “the most productive and important in his life.” Wherever he went he aroused immense enthusiasm; and although the romance of missions has now in some sense departed, yet the effects of his advocacy are perceptible even to-day.

During his missionary tours, he visited Bristol, and there met with Mary Carpenter, who thus records her opinion of him:—“He seems exactly cut out for such a life, having, as far as we could judge, deep and enlarged religious convictions, great benevolence, a gift of tongues, handicraft skill, and some of brother



Martin's homely wisdom and simplicity. He breakfasted with us, and made all the young ladies wish to go out to the Society Islands; *if* I had *no* tie to England, I should like it very much; *now* I think that we have enough to do at home, and am very thankful that there are some to do the good work."

Lest Mr. Williams may be suspected of sympathy with some of Mary Carpenter's opinions, it may be well to notice here that in his unpublished journal he says, "If there is a people against which true Christians may exercise a holy indignation, surely Socinians are that people."

Among other towns, John Williams visited Leeds, and while there he took part in a missionary meeting held in Queen Street Chapel. It is related that there were then two servants residing in Leeds, one of them a Wesleyan and the other a careless indifferent girl. The Wesleyan said to her fellow-servant, "Mr. Williams is coming to Leeds."

"Williams, who is he? I never heard about him before."

"Oh, he is a famous missionary. He is coming to preach and hold a meeting in Queen Street Chapel. Let us ask for leave to attend the meeting."

"Will there be a collection?"

"Oh, of course."

"Well I will give a penny."

"And I intend to give sixpence."

The two servants attended the meeting, and in the course of Mr. Williams' speech the careless girl whispered to her companion, "Isn't he a wonderful man! Isn't he a wonderful man! I must give half-a-crown to the collection." Not only was she moved to this great liberality, but she was so impressed by Mr. Williams' appeals that she was converted, and

became a member of the church, meeting at Queen Street Chapel.

Another incident may also be quoted as an instance of unsuspected harvests. Mr. Williams' son, the Rev. S. T. Williams, was for some years co-pastor with the Rev. Thomas Caig at Bocking, Essex. A very charitable lady, Miss Ridley, one day asked the Rev. S. T. Williams to visit a poor man who lived at Felstead Common. He consented to do so, and went to the cottage upon the common. As he was shown into the sick man's room, the cottager's wife said, "Here is Mr. Williams come to see you." The sick man started up, stretched out his arms, and said, "Are you come, sir? Are you the son of that blessed man? I shall never forget him."

"How so? why do you remember my father?"

"Why, sir, a many years ago, I was a little boy in Bocking Sunday School. One Sunday afternoon your father came and gave an address to the scholars. I especially remember that he spoke to us little children in the gallery. He taught us a prayer, and made us repeat it twice after him to make quite sure that we knew it. The prayer was this, 'O Lord, convert my soul, for Jesus' sake.' I repeated that prayer morning and night as he bade me. The prayer made me thoughtful, and eventually led to my conversion. I shall never forget him, that blessed man!" The great day will probably disclose many similar instances of saving good accomplished by John Williams' missionary speeches.

One consequence of his successful meetings was the publication of his charming "Missionary Enterprises in the South Seas," a book as interesting as "Robinson Crusoe," and rich with the fervour of his own beautiful spirit. Dr. Campbell said of it, "One Williams does

more to confound infidelity than a thousand Paleys. One chapter of the 'Missionary Enterprises in the South Seas' is of more worth for the purposes of conviction than the whole mass of the ponderous volumes of Lardner." The book was dedicated, by permission, to King William IV., and met with such general approval that, within five years, 38,000 copies had been sold.

In one richly bound copy, prepared for his wife, Mr. Williams wrote:—

"MY DEAREST MARY,—More than twenty eventful years have rolled away since we were united in the closest and dearest earthly bonds, during which time we have circumnavigated the globe ; we have experienced many trials and privations, while we have been honoured to communicate the best of blessings to multitudes of our fellow creatures. I present this faithful record of our mutual labours and successes as a testimony of my unabated affection, and I sincerely pray that, if we are spared twenty years longer, the retrospect may afford equal, if not greater, cause for grateful satisfaction.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

July, 1837."

He now appealed to the Christian public to provide him with a ship, and in a short time the contributions sent in for this purpose amounted to the sum of £2400. On the 15th of March, 1838, he appeared before the Common Council of the City of London, and pleaded for their help on behalf of the South Seas Mission. The Council voted Mr. Williams £500, a grant which, with other offerings, soon raised the total amount collected by him to £4000. Of this amount £2600 was devoted to the purchase and equipment of a vessel called the *Camden* ; the

balance was devoted to the establishment of a Polynesian College and other missionary purposes. The repairs of the *Camden* cost £400, but this amount the ship-builder presented as his contribution to the mission. A man whose business it was to supply vessels with fresh filtered water, sent twenty tons on board the *Camden* as a gift; and the pilot, whose fee generally amounted to £20 or £25, took the missionary ship down the river, and refused to accept payment for his services.

On Wednesday, the 4th of April, 1838, a public meeting was held in The Tabernacle, near City Road, London, to bid Mr. Williams farewell. He was returning in the *Camden* to the South Seas. The meeting was announced to commence at six o'clock, but, three hours before the appointed time, the people began to assemble. Hundreds were unable to obtain admission. Dr. Campbell, in the name of the church worshipping in the Tabernacle, presented Mrs. Williams with the six volumes of Scott's Commentary upon the Holy Scriptures, bound in Russia gilt, and a hymn-book. To Mr. Williams he presented, on behalf of the same friends, a copy of an Encyclopædia in twenty volumes.

The chief interest of the meeting centred, however, in Mr. Williams' own speech, which, as unconsciously descriptive of himself and his aims, is wonderfully significant in the light of his tragical death. The speech, though well worthy of being quoted in its entirety, is too long for insertion here. A few extracts may, however, serve to show its general character. Mr. Williams said :—" I feel, still, that the work of Christian Missions is the greatest, noblest, and the sublimest to which the energies of the human mind can be devoted. I think, Christian friends, that no labour



yours Affly  
J. Williams



we can bestow, no sacrifice that we can make, no journeys that we can undertake, are too great to be undertaken for the glorious purpose of illuminating the dark world with the light of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. There is something, to my mind, transcendently sublime in the comprehensive character of Christian missions. I think, that Scripture statements are confirmed in a most striking manner, that Scripture predictions are most beautifully illustrated, and that Scripture promises have been most remarkably fulfilled, by facts in connection with the mission of which I am now speaking."

After alluding to the cost of the vessel, he continued:—"If we were to go into the matter of mere expense, we could show that this would be the most economical method which could be adopted. However, when we contemplate engaging in any undertaking for the cause of our God, *a trifling matter of expense ought never to stand in the way.*"

In reference to the subject of his preaching, he said:—"We feel that we have *something worth carrying*: we have the Gospel of Jesus Christ; we have the great truth that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners; we have the great doctrine of the Atonement to carry! . . . We believe it, and therefore we go round the world to tell it; and the great story which we have to tell is, 'God so loved the world that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' My dear friends, the very first sermon I preached in the native tongue was from this text: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.' It does appear to me, when I meditate upon the wondrous scheme of human redemption, that the great doctrine of the

Atonement is the most powerful and wonderful of all the doctrines in all the creeds of the human race. . . . In comparison with the great truth of salvation by the death of Jesus Christ, the universe itself appears a bauble. *I love the doctrine*, and I determine never to preach a sermon in any language where the great doctrine of salvation through the blood of Christ is not the sum and substance of the sermon. *We think that this is a truth worth carrying round the world ; it is the soul of religious effort.*"

In conclusion, Mr. Williams said :—"Whatever infirmities may attend me, I do feel this, that my integrity will I hold fast. I have but one object in view, and that is, to carry the knowledge of Jesus Christ to those who are perishing for lack of that knowledge. This is my sole, my simple object. I can with confidence unite with you in supplicating that God's blessing may rest upon us. I cannot do better than conclude with the prayer of one of the natives, on the day that we embarked from his island : 'O Lord, tell the winds about them, that they may not blow fiercely upon them ; command the ocean concerning them, that it may not swallow them up ; conduct them safely to a far-distant country, and give them a happy meeting with long-lost relatives, and bring them back again to us. But if we should never meet again around the throne of grace below, may we all meet around the throne of God above. Amen and amen.'"

In his parting published address to the British Churches, Mr. Williams said :—"Great, of course, are the perils that await me. I may not again come back to repose at the first sight of the lofty cliffs and lovely plains of Old England ; well, the will of the Lord be done ! I shall be entombed in the ocean, or sleep in



a foreign land, in the Isles of the South, in the field of my labours, and among the graves of my children! . . . Time alone can reveal the will of Heaven. I would wait that revelation in the spirit of holy submission, love, and obedience."

On Wednesday, the 11th of April, he embarked on board the *Camden*, which lay off Gravesend. A steamer had been chartered to convey the mission party from London Bridge to the *Camden*, and about 370 persons went in her. When off Erith, the company filed past Mr. Williams, who sat in the stern of the vessel, to say farewell. An eye-witness says:—"At this moment Mr. Williams was a striking spectacle of real moral greatness. On his right hand sat a beloved weeping sister; and on his left, a still more beloved weeping wife, whose case constrained especial sympathy from such as knew it. With a constitution apparently broken, health but very imperfectly established, spirits naturally far from high, she was leaving behind her a darling child, and a venerated mother, whom it is not probable she will ever see again. Thus circumstanced, the veteran missionary appeared to great advantage. There he sat, with a countenance as placid and a heart as tranquil as those of the lovely little one on his knee! . . . Throughout the morning he appeared to be in a very solemn frame, but deeply thoughtful; he did not mix extensively with the multitude, nor indulge in any protracted conversation. One would have said, 'That man sighs for solitude.' He sat till the whole company had passed, with a word, a wish, or a request suited for everybody."\*

Mr. Williams left his son Samuel in England; and upon the morning of his embarkation, he wrote the

\* Missionary's Farewell.

following letter in his son's album. The book was passed from hand to hand among the company on the steamer, and the letter was copied by many on board. As an exhibition of his affectionate solicitude, it deserves insertion in these pages.

#### AN AFFECTIONATE FATHER'S PARTING WISH.

"My dear and much loved Samuel,—You wish me to write a few lines in your album, and I comply with your dear wish on the morning of our embarkation for the far-distant isles of the Pacific, whither I and your dear mother are again going to spread the knowledge of a precious Saviour, whom we wish you to love more fervently and serve more faithfully than we have done. We both unite in assuring you, my dear, dear boy, that Jesus is the most affectionate friend, and the best of all masters. The caresses of a dear doting mother, the counsel and instruction of a tender-hearted father, will avail you nothing without the friendship of Jesus Christ! We love Him ourselves, and the united wish of your dear mother and myself is, that you may love him too.

"We feel very keenly the pang of separation. We love our country, we love our affectionate relatives, we love, with an intensity of feeling which parents only know, our dear, very dear Samuel. Why, then, do we go? We go, because Jesus Christ has said, 'He that loveth father or mother, sister or brother, wife or children or lands more than Me, is not worthy of Me.' We shall pray for you, my dear boy, every day of our lives, and trust, in answer to these prayers, that God by His grace, will take possession of your young and tender heart, so that when we return to England, which we hope to do in

a few years, we shall find our beloved boy not only an intelligent and amiable, but also a pious and devoted youth, enjoying the good opinion and affection of all who know you, and living in the fear of God. This, my very dear boy, will enhance the pleasure of meeting beyond the power of description.

"But my dear, dear son must pray for himself, and he has God's own declaration for his encouragement: 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.' We have forsaken you, my dear boy, under very peculiar circumstances. It is for the cause of God that we have made this sacrifice. Plead this with God when you pray, and beseech God to be a father to you.

'The Lord bless thee, my dear boy, and keep thee;  
The Lord make His face to shine upon thee;  
The Lord be gracious unto thee;  
The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee,  
and give thee peace.'

"These are the wishes and fervent prayers of your affectionate father

JOHN WILLIAMS.

11th April, 1838."

Mr. Williams' son felt so keenly the separation, that for some time he could not be comforted. But at length he regained his composure, and helped to cheer his father. When from the deck of the *Camden* Mr. Williams called out, "Where is Sam?" some friend held him up, and Sam clapped his hands.

After a brief farewell service on board the steamer, the missionaries went on board the *Camden*. The steamer accompanied her for some nine or ten miles

down the river; before they parted, Mr. Williams called out to them, referring to the *Camden*, "Is not she a beauty?" At three o'clock in the afternoon the vessels parted company, and the *Camden* proceeded down the river, followed by the ringing cheers of friends.





## CHAPTER VIII.

A STEPHEN WITH MANY A PAUL.

1838-1839.

“One presses on, and welcomes death,  
One calmly yields his willing breath,  
Nor slow nor hurrying, but in faith,  
Content to die or live.  
‘Jesus do Thou my soul receive ;  
Jesus do Thou my foes forgive :’  
He who would learn this prayer must live  
Under the holy Cross.”

KEBLE.

“The blood of the Martyr of Erromanga is giving its loud sound into all regions of the earth, and preaching sermons which by their holy strength make the Lord Jesus divide the spoil with the strong. That ever was the earnest expectation and hope of this servant of God ; it is gloriously done.”  
—*From an unpublished letter written by Pastor Besser of Prussia, to Mrs. Williams.*

ON the 19th of April, 1838, at six P.M., Mr. Williams looked for the last time upon the white cliffs of England. After the anguish of parting and the pangs of sea-sickness had abated, the mission party settled down to prepare for their future work. Beside Mr. and Mrs. Williams

and their eldest son and his wife, the *Camden* carried sixteen new missionaries, all destined for the South Sea Islands. These twenty, with Captain Morgan, commander of the *Camden*, and some of the crew, formed themselves into a Christian church, which numbered twenty-six persons, and celebrated the sacred ordinances of their faith. From ten o'clock until two every morning, the younger missionaries assembled for instruction in the Tahitian and Rarotongan languages.

The voyage passed without incident, and in September the *Camden* entered Sydney harbour. Thence they proceeded to Samoa, where Mr. Williams selected Fasetootai, in the island Upolu, as his future station. He had originally intended making his home at Raratonga, but Mrs. Williams preferred Samoa, and her husband deemed it wise to select Upolu, the district which had been conquered and devastated in the war which followed the murder of Tamafainga. They had scarcely entered into their new home, when a circumstance occurred which cast a gloom over all the mission band. This was the death of the Rev. J. Bamden, one of the new missionaries, who was drowned while bathing. "I perhaps shall be the next," said Mr. Williams with almost prophetic foresight, for so the event proved to be.

On the 17th of January, 1839, Mr. Williams left Samoa for a visit to Raratonga, and on the 4th of February he reached that island. His meeting with Makea the king was very cordial and affectionate upon both sides. "Oh, Makea," Mr. Williams said, "how kind are God's dealings to us in sparing us thus far, and permitting us to meet again."

Within a few months the friends met where there is no parting; for the former things had passed away.

On the 19th of the following October, Makea joined the great majority, whither we shall see Mr. Williams quickly followed him.

With the increased earnestness and mellowing of character, that we now understand to have been a preparation for the great change, but which we strangely seldom understand until our friends have left us, Mr. Williams strove to use to the utmost the life which was so rapidly approaching the end of its earthly service. He landed 5000 Testaments in the Raratongan language; and no less important than giving the people the "god of books," he commenced arranging for the college which was to train up men to expound it. Of this institution, Mr. Buzzacott became the Principal. Mr. Williams thankfully noticed the immense improvement effected among the people; socially and religiously they were not like the same race that had treated the first teachers in such an indescribably abominable manner. The change had not been remarkably rapid, but it was lasting, and was the kind of success that necessitates and sustains another advance. In all Christian work much good service becomes latent; but like the heat that melts the ice, it also assists in causing the water to boil.

From Raratonga Mr. Williams went to other islands; at one of them, Atiu, he was for the seventh time rescued from drowning, this being also the second accident at the same spot.

On the 2nd of May, he reached his home once more, and here he remained, with the exception of two short trips which he made in Samoa, until his last and fatal voyage.

On the evening before his departure from Samoa, for what proved to him his last sacrifice for the salva-

tion of the South Sea Islanders, Mr. Williams visited Mr. Mills, a brother missionary. The two friends sat for some time in solemn conversation, and Mr. Williams discussed his plans and his hopes with regard to what he felt to be a dangerous undertaking. He was interrupted by the entrance of a blind chief, named Sepaetaia, who had become a convert to Christianity. This man, who had only recently been an idolater himself, expressed a strong desire to assist his beloved minister in his attempt to reach the

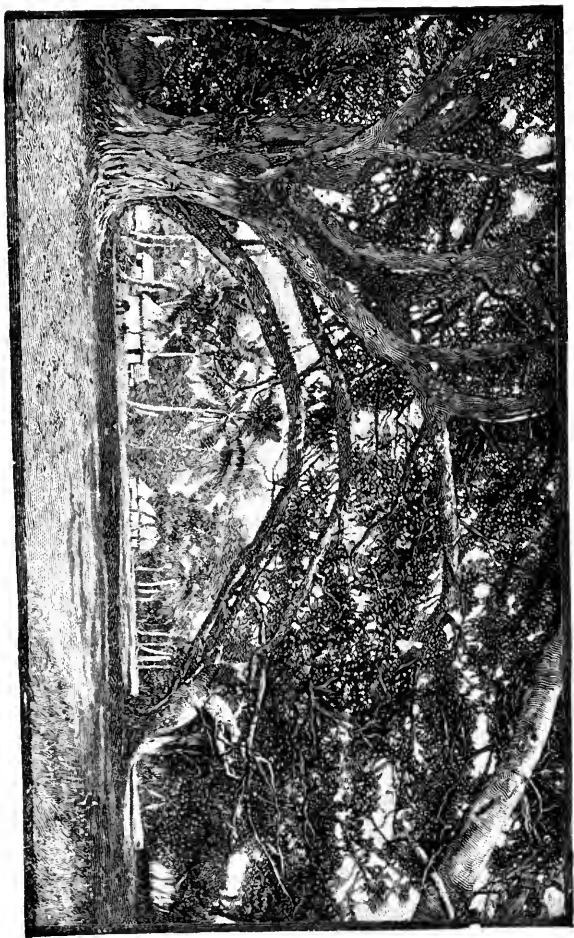


MR. WILLIAMS AND THE BLIND CHIEF.

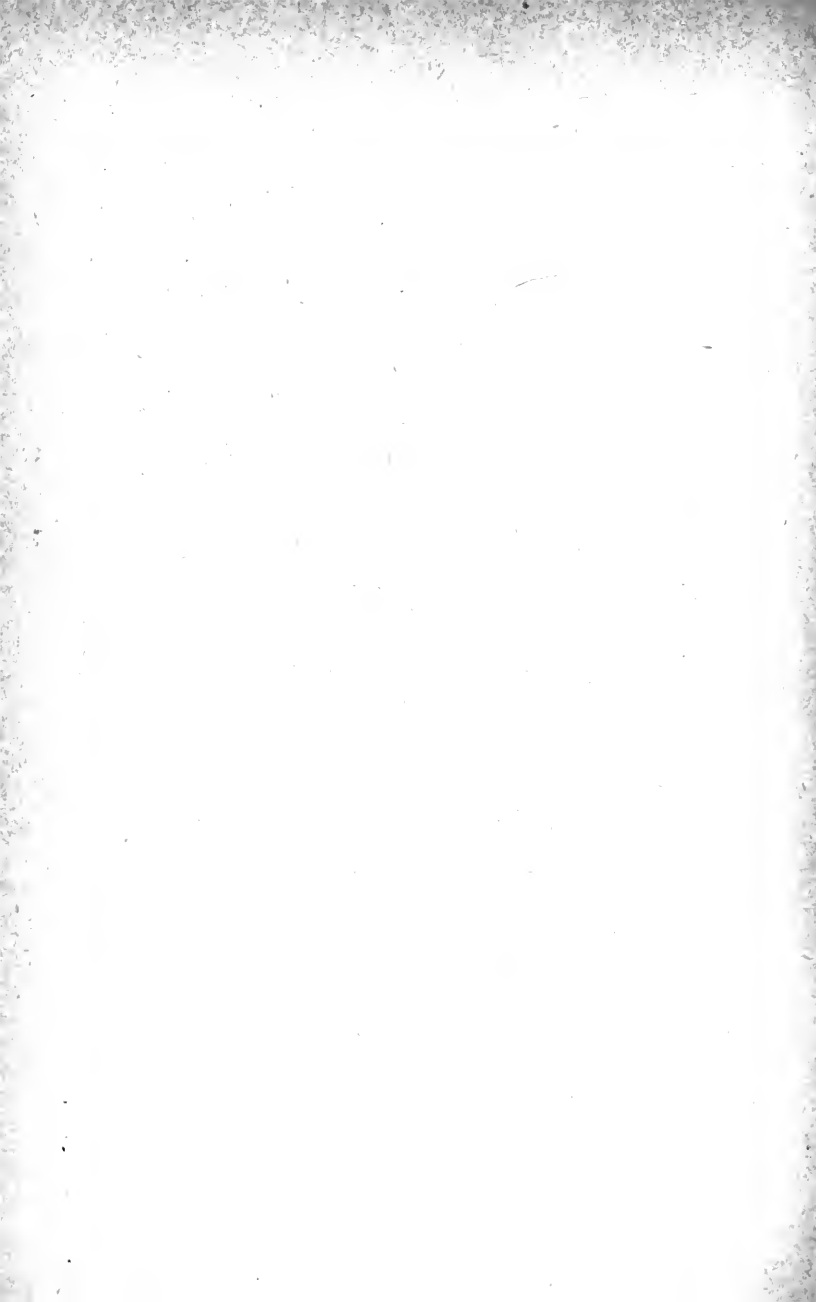
heathen of the New Hebrides. "Teacher Williams," he said, "I am a blind man, but I have a great desire to go with you to the dark lands. Perhaps my being blind will make them pity me, and not kill me. And whilst I can talk to them and tell them of Jesus, my boy" (and he placed his hand upon the head of his son, an interesting youth) "can read and write, and so we can teach them things."

"I never saw Mr. Williams more deeply affected,"





MISSION STATION AT UPOLU.



said Mr. Mills, "than he was at the earnestness with which poor blind Sepaetaia entreated permission to follow him."

The blind man was not, of course, allowed to accompany Mr. Williams in his voyage, but without doubt his willing mind was accepted by God as if it had actually led him to Erromanga. And it is also remarkable that, just at the time that Mr. Williams was sad on account of what he instinctively felt would be the termination of his voyage, such an encouragement should have been given to him. It must have furnished him with food for devout thought, and have nerved him for the task that he dreaded.

No personal considerations, however, hindered this modern Paul; he resolutely prepared for what he knew would be his martyrdom.

On the 3rd of November, 1839, he preached for the last time, and, strangely enough, from Acts xx. 36-38—"And they all wept sore, and fell upon Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more." Both preacher and congregation were deeply depressed; every one present seemed instinctively to anticipate the coming final severance.

At midnight of the same evening, Mr. Williams took his leave of his wife and children, and went on board the *Camden*. Mrs. Williams, in parting with her husband, earnestly entreated him not to land at Erromanga. Was it from any monition conveyed to her spirit, or simply the foresight of affectionate anxiety? None can say. Before morning the *Camden* had left Samoa for the voyage which was to terminate in Mr. Williams' martyrdom.

After a run of six hundred miles, the *Camden* made Rovuma upon the 12th of November.

"We soon discovered from the indentures on the coast," says Mr. Cunningham, "that the island is formed in the best manner to give shelter for vessels requiring a harbour.

"After we had landed, the people came about us, and presented a most disgusting appearance. They were all besmeared with a powder which is prepared from the turmeric root. We noticed, however, that some of them had wrappers of European cloth tied round their bodies. The men wore long hair, and the unmarried girls retained locks of hair on each side and upon the back of their heads. The centre, from the forehead to the crown, is kept close cut, and is ornamented with lime and turmeric."

The next day they went on to the New Hebrides. Mr. Williams, in a letter which was written upon the 16th, says:—"Thus, my friend, we live in a dying world. . . . The grand concern should be to live in a constant state of preparation. This I find a difficult matter, from the demand incessantly made upon my energies, both of body and of mind, but I find great comfort from the consideration that many of God's people pray for me, and also that ALL is spent in the *best of all* causes. . . . Oh, how much depends upon the efforts of to-morrow! Will the savages receive us or not? Perhaps at this moment you or some other kind friend may be wrestling with God for us. I am all anxiety, but desire prudence and faithfulness in the management of the attempt to impart the Gospel to these benighted people, and leave the event with God. . . . The approaching WEEK IS TO ME THE MOST IMPORTANT OF MY LIFE."

His mind derived its strength from the Sacred Scriptures, and then probably he consulted the fragment of paper upon which he had written various

texts, evidently for his private meditation. This paper, tattered and torn, lies before us. Among the texts upon it are the following :—

#### DIVINE TEACHING.

“The eyes of the blind shall see out of obscurity.”  
Isaiah xxix. 18.

“The Holy Ghost shall teach you all things.”  
John xiv. 26.

#### PARDON.

“I am He that blotteth out thy sins.” Isaiah xliii. 25.

“The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.”  
1 John i. 7.

#### TEMPTATION.

“God will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able.” 1 Cor. x. 13.

“Sin shall not have dominion over you.” Rom. vi. 14.

“I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.”  
Luke xxii. 32.

On the next day, Sunday, November the 17th, they sighted the island of Fatuna. The natives were discerned collecting in groups, and making signs for the *Camden* to come near. The boat was lowered, but after rowing for some time, the party were unable to land. A chief, distinguished from his countrymen by bracelets, and rings of tortoise-shell inserted into his ears, came on board. After a while they found a bay on the other side of the island, into which they could take the *Camden*, and there they landed. The natives crowded around them, and were exceedingly friendly, but they could find no one willing to accom-

pany them to Tanna. Two young men came on board for a little time, but they were soon tired of the motion of the ship, and begged to be set on shore again. During the night-time they lay to, intending to make Tanna, which was about forty miles distant, the next morning. In the darkness they had a magnificent view of the volcano, "blazing up," says Mr. Cunningham, "from the centre of its crater, attended with dense clouds of smoke."

On the following morning, Mr. Williams made the last entry in his journal, and the unfinished sentence with which it concludes is at once pathetic and most significant. The paragraph is as follows:—" *Monday morning, 18th.*—This is a memorable day, a day which will be transmitted to posterity; and the records of the events which have this day transpired will exert after those who have taken an active part in them have retired into the shades of oblivion; and *the results of this day will be——*"

To him, the results of that day were probably made known in the land of light; to us, they are still veiled in mystery, although we can see how Mr. Williams' martyrdom has inspired and sustained the heroic spirit in missionary enterprise at home and abroad. When we arrive at the age of results, we shall probably find that one fount of universal blessing comes from the tragedy in the New Hebrides. By the death of this Stephen, probably many a Paul has been called to work, suffer, and in his turn attract others into the apostolical succession of those who have hazarded their lives unto the death for Christ's sake.

On the evening of the 19th of November, the *Camden* lay to, off Erromanga, and Mr. Williams said that as Samoa was now well supplied with mission-

aries, he had almost decided to make his home in the island near them. But when, the next morning, they were in the boat pulling for the shore, he mentioned to Captain Morgan the fact that he had now relinquished this intention. He then thought of leaving as quickly as possible, and hastening on to the small island of Annotam, the most southerly of the group. One of the mission party, speaking of the evening of the 19th, says, "Mr. Williams spent a very restless night, not being able to sleep (as he himself told us) with thinking about his intended labours in the morning."

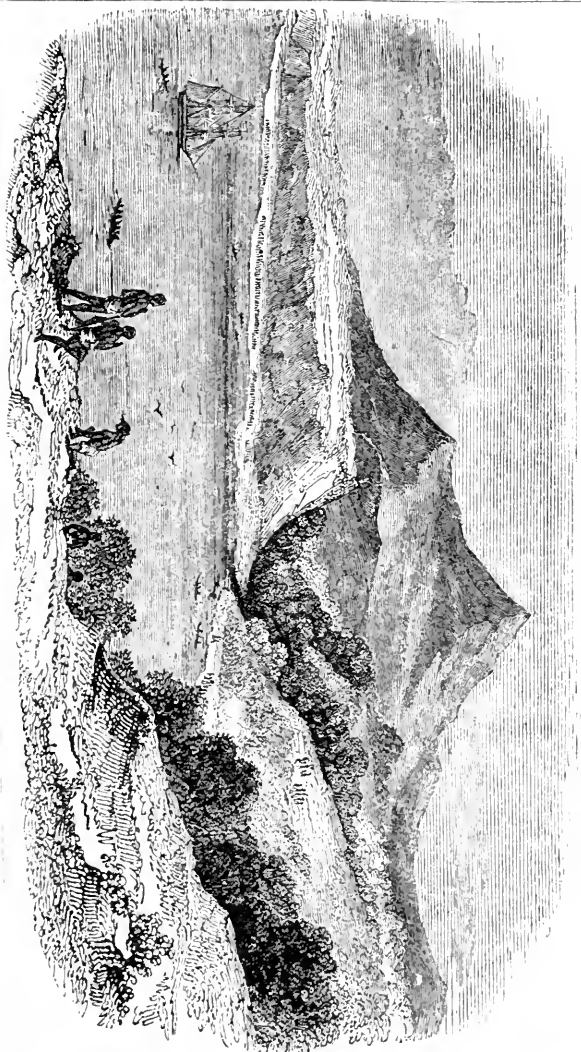
The following description of the tragical events of the 20th of November are taken from the narratives of Captain Morgan and Mr. Cunningham, eye-witnesses of the scene :—

"This is a day full of the most distressing circumstances. The events of this fatal day will form a dark page in the missionary history. . . . We were wafted along the southern side of the island, and got round to a fine spacious bay exposed to the West. . . . The shore looked most inviting, placid stillness slept along its dark romantic rocks, and the mountains in the distance presented a most enchanting view. A tribe of natives had followed our ship along the shore, and now we saw them grouping together among the rocks, and apparently enjoying the sight of our vessel. . . . The boat was accordingly lowered and, under charge of Captain Morgan, Mr. Williams, accompanied by Messrs. Harris and Cunningham, all left together for the shore. The ship then got a fine breeze out of the bay, and stood out to sea to work up to wind, so as to be as near as possible when the boat should have occasion to come on board again. . . . One or two circumstances

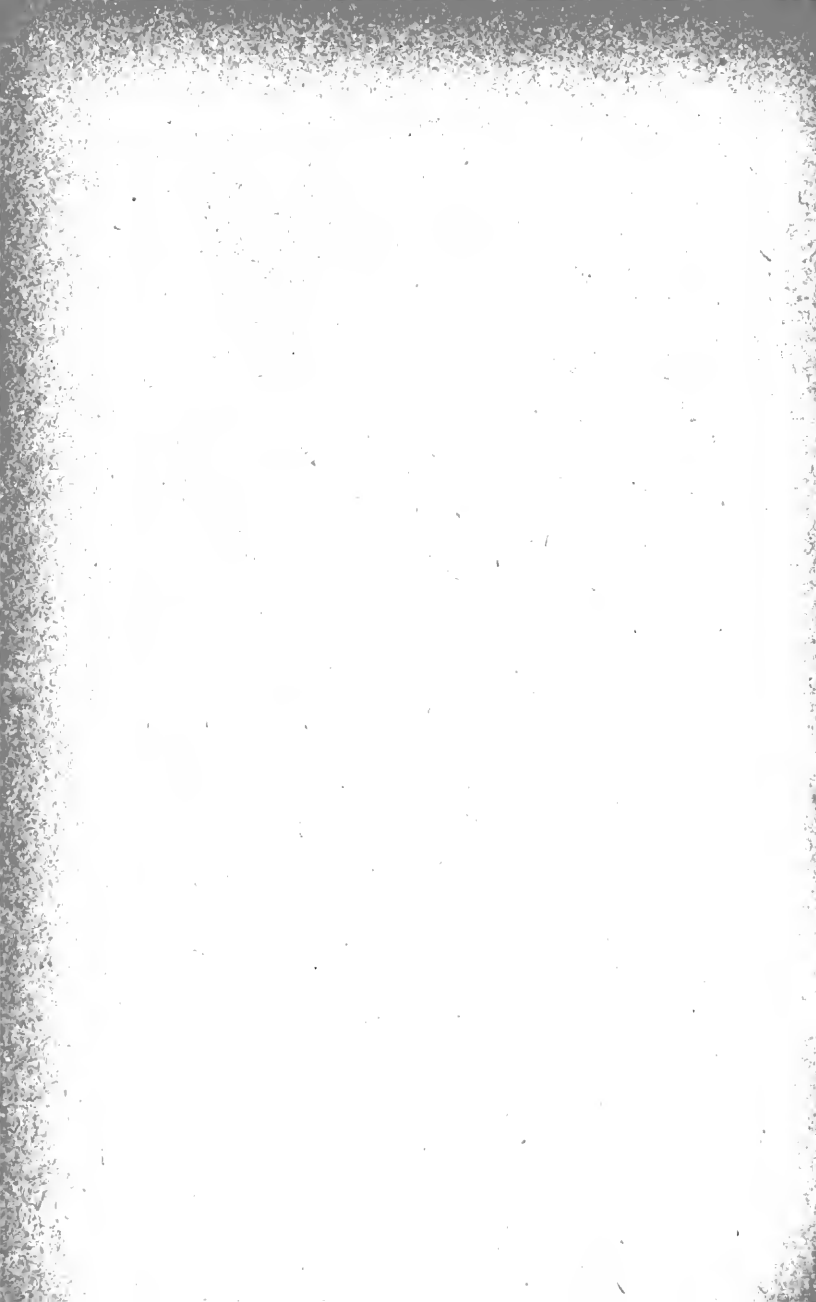
tended to inspire us with confidence. Immediately on the boat reaching the shore, we got a chief to go and bring us a bucket of water. He did so, and returned in about half-an-hour. Some others brought us cocoanuts. Another circumstance also, that we noticed, was the children sporting along the beach, which we supposed would not be the case if they really harboured any designs against us.

"Messrs. Williams, Harris, and Cunningham, accordingly left the boat, and went ashore. After that, they commenced rambling along the beach, and communicating with the people. At one place Mr. Williams sat down, and a few natives collected round him, to whom he distributed a few fish-hooks and a few small pieces of calico. Captain Morgan then went ashore, and was seated on a bank, opposite the boat, which was off the beach. The party then rambled along the shore till they reached the point formed by a stream of water that ran up into the land. There Messrs. Williams and Cunningham remained some time, while Mr. Harris went on till he got out of sight in the bush, where there were a number of natives. In the meantime, Messrs. Williams and Cunningham had also separated. At this moment, awful to relate, a yell of the savages was heard inland, and the natives were seen in pursuit of Mr. Harris, and almost immediately he was seen to fall into the water, being struck down by the natives with clubs and spears. At the very first sight of the above circumstance, Mr. Cunningham began to run for the boat, and in passing called out to Mr. Williams to run too, but instead of running at the very instant, he remained looking inland towards Mr. Harris, and did not commence running till he heard the war-shell blown and the yell of war raised





DILLON'S BAY, WHERE MR. WILLIAMS WAS MURDERED.



as a signal for hostilities. Mr. Williams, however, instead of running for the boat, had made a direct cut for the beach, and fell into the water. At first, there was only one native in pursuit of him, who struck him with his club on the arm. Mr. Williams then put his head down into the water. By this time, another native had arrived, and both of them commenced beating him with their clubs. After this, a party arrived, and thrust a number of arrows into his body. His body was then stripped, and the natives were to be seen wearing among them his clothes. We saw the water coloured with his blood. His body was then taken out of the water, and lay all exposed on the sand surrounded by his cruel murderers, while the very children took up stones, and threw them against the lifeless corpse. While they were thus occupied with Messrs. Harris and Williams, a man was in pursuit of Mr. Cunningham, but he threw a stone at the man behind him, and happily escaped."

Captain Morgan also adds, that Mr. Williams said to him, "Captain, you know we like to take possession of the land, and if we can only leave good impressions on the minds of the natives, we can come again, and leave teachers; we must be content to do a little; you know Babel was not built in a day."

The company in the boat were helpless spectators of this tragedy. They indeed headed the boat towards Mr. Williams, but the natives shot arrows, and threw stones at them. They were, therefore, compelled to return to the brig. One who remained on board the *Camden*, thus describes their return:—"As the boat approached us within hail, we foreboded something had happened, but our imaginations had not formed the most distant idea of the tragical scene which was about to be disclosed to us. As the boat

was coming alongside, the hurried orders of 'Get a towing line in readiness,' and for all hands to stand by and make sail, produced the most terrifying sensations in our minds, and intense anxiety as to what had really happened. We heard the captain exclaim, 'We have lost Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris,' and he added, 'they're dead, the natives have killed them.' Language cannot describe what our feelings at this dreadful moment were. Nothing in all our past experience seemed to have produced similar sensations. The most intense grief took possession of our hearts, and, racked with most excruciating pangs of agony, we looked vacantly on the shore, but, oh how gloomy! . . . The more we think of it, the more we grieve, the more we wonder. We cannot but conceive that our friend is still among us, and his presence animating us in our labours."

A gun was fired from the *Camden*, but instead of frightening the natives, they immediately carried off Mr. Williams' corpse into the bush. Without exception, the native teachers on board were panic stricken by the tragical events of the morning, and as they were, therefore, unwilling to land upon any other island of this dangerous group, Captain Morgan had no other resource but to make all sail for Sydney, which port he made on the 30th of November. The Governor of New South Wales was induced to send a ship of war to Erromanga, to recover the remains of Mr. Williams. The *Favorite*, man-of-war, left Sydney for that purpose on the 1st of February, and on the 27th of the same month, she reached Erromanga. The savages confessed that they had eaten the bodies, but a few bones, including the skulls, were given to the Captain. With these relics on board, the *Favorite* sailed to Samoa, and at midnight on the 24th of

March, Mrs. Williams learned that she was a widow. The grief of the natives was intense; pathetic cries of "Alas, Williams! alas our father!" resounded on every side. The relics of the martyr were interred at Apia, in Samoa, and a monument was erected



APIA MISSION STATION, ISLAND OF UPOLU, SHOWING THE GRAVES  
OF THE MARTYR MISSIONARIES, WILLIAMS AND HARRIS.

above them, bearing this inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. John Williams, Father of the Samoan and other missions, aged 43 years and 5 months, who was killed by the cruel natives of Erromanga, on November 20th, 1839, while endeavoring to convert them."

ouring to plant the Gospel of Peace on their shores."

Miss Gordon-Cumming, in "A Lady's Cruise in a French Man-of-War," says, however, "It is now known that the bones that are interred at Apia were taken at random by the natives of Erromanga from a cave where they are wont to deposit their own dead, under the impression that the foreign ship wished to purchase human bones. The skull of John Williams is buried beneath a palm tree in Erromanga. . . . Near it was buried a small bit of red sealing wax about an inch and a half in length, which was found by the natives in his pocket, and supposed to be a foreign idol. This relic was afterwards disinterred and sent home to his children."

The melancholy tidings did not reach England until the 6th of April, 1840.

Mr. Pritchard, the English consul at Tahiti, in a letter to a friend at Birmingham, dated March 3rd, 1840, says: "His death has made a deep impression on the minds of the natives; many of them are wearing mourning for him. They say that they cannot sleep at night for thinking of him. They frequently start in their sleep, supposing that they see him. One woman came to me with half a dollar in her hand, saying that she wished to purchase a portrait of Mr. Williams, that she might have it to look at, now that he is gone. . . . In this case, as in most others, the foreigners have been the first aggressors. A few years ago, several foreigners united, chartered vessels, and went with an armed force, took possession of a part of the island (*i.e.*, of Erromanga,) built a fort to protect themselves, and then cut, at their pleasure, the sandal wood belonging to the poor natives. This sandal wood is very valuable in the China market.

After obtaining a considerable quantity, a disease broke out among them which carried off a great many; the others were compelled to leave; many of the natives were killed by them. I am not sure that Mr. Williams knew that this was the island where the sandal wood expedition had been; but there is no doubt his death, and that of Mr. Harris, was in consequence of the base treatment the natives had received from the foreigners who forced their way upon these shores. Mr. Harris was a very interesting young man, who had come out at his own expense. It was his intention to return to England to marry, then coming out again to labour at the Marquesas."

As an example of the outrages which have exasperated the natives almost to the point of madness, we may relate the following incident.

Three vessels that were collecting sandal wood, anchored off one of the islands which form the group that is known as the New Hebrides. The white men plundered the natives, and helped themselves to the yams and fruit without offering any recompense whatever to the tillers of the soil. Nearly three hundred pigs were also seized, and when the owners of these animals attempted to resist this act of spoliation, they were shot down without mercy. Not content with these high-handed proceedings, the robbers landed again, and chased the natives into a large cave, in which the helpless fugitives, hoping that they would be safe, took refuge from their brutal foes. But the sailors pulled down the houses, and piled the dry thatch rafters and other materials at the mouth of the cavern, and then set fire to the pile. The miserable natives were of course suffocated by the smoke.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that such deeds were repaid by similar outrages; indeed, so insecure

was life, that Dr. Turner declares that, to his own personal knowledge, no less than three hundred and twenty men, who had been engaged in the sandal wood trade, perished in less than nine years.

During the year of Mr. Williams' death, a whale ship sailed along the coast of an island adjacent to Erromanga, and fired promiscuously into the villages as she passed them. Two missionaries were upon this island, but they were fortunately not killed by the natives in retaliation for the cruelty of their fellow-countrymen.

In 1842, Mrs. Williams returned to England. When off Cape Horn, she wrote a farewell to the Isles of the South, from which the following sentences are extracted:—

“Farewell, rolling ocean, on whose bosom we have been borne from island to island, honoured by carrying the glad tidings of the Gospel of Peace to the benighted inhabitants!

“Natives! you who have felt and known that the Lord is gracious, farewell! May you be kept from returning to those evils which you profess to have thrown away, and be faithful unto death, that you may receive a Crown of Life!

“Heathens! I weep for you, while I say, ‘Father forgive them, they know not what they do!’

“My dear Children, I trust I say farewell only for a season; if spared, I hope to welcome you in the land of your fathers.”

Her eldest son, John, and his wife, are the children addressed in the last paragraph; they remained at Samoa. In the year 1845, Mrs. Williams settled at Islington, and became a member of Union Chapel. For some years, she worked actively among the poor as a tract distributor and sick visitor. But in the



winter of 1849-50 the symptoms of a disease appeared, which in 1851 proved fatal. On the 15th of June, 1851, she rejoined her husband, bearing testimony, until the last, of her faith in Christ. "I hope I am not deceiving myself," she said, "dear Jesus have mercy upon me. My trust is only *in Thee*."

"What a happy meeting you will have with your dear Mr. Williams in heaven," remarked a friend, and Mrs. Williams at once replied, "Oh yes! What a day that will be! What a blessed day!"

Another friend repeated,

"Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on His breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there,"

and Mrs. Williams constantly murmured, "Oh, I *wish* I could, I wish I could."

Dr. Allon said of her, "Her faith was clear and unflinching to the last. And once and again, as I have knelt at her bedside, and an almost overpowering sympathy has prompted expressions and petitions that only the strongest faith could appropriate, has the earnest but tremulous response assured me that she held fast her confidence; and I have left her, wondering most of all at the mysterious power of the religion that could thus enable her patiently to endure."

"So her children and friends returned to their place; for those who waited for Christiana had carried her out of their sight. So she went, and called and entered in at the gate, with all the ceremonies of joy that her husband Christian had entered with before her."

Of Mr. Williams, Dr. Campbell says: "The first thing with regard to his person that presents itself to us, is his great physical power, which materially

contributed to success in his peculiar sphere of missionary effort. He was massive rather than muscular, and strong, without remarkable activity; his stature was somewhat above the middle size, his chest was of unusual breadth, the shoulders considerably rounded and broadly set. His aspect was a little singular; indeed he was often taken for a foreigner. There was something strikingly peculiar in the aspect of Mr. Williams. Having been once seen, he was ever after easily recognised, and you could instantly point him out at a distance, among ten thousand men. The head was very large, long, and wanting in that conical elevation, so generally found associated with extreme benevolence, a quality for which, notwithstanding, he was so remarkable. The forehead was an oblong square, of no great breadth, and retired considerably. The countenance altogether was one of uncommon benignity; it had all the serenity of the finest summer eve, shaded with a slight expression of sadness. The eye was soft and lustrous; it sparkled from beneath his dark brows, distinctly bespeaking the benevolence that glowed within. All his features were rounded, every feature evinced simplicity of character, tranquillity of heart, and honesty of purpose. The entire visage, in fact, was so deeply stamped with the impress of good nature and good will, as to inspire every beholder with immediate confidence. He hoped everything from labour under the guidance of heaven, without it—nothing. Industry was the usual element he breathed in; he could not be idle, neither could he be in a bustle. Had he been escaping from a sinking ship or a burning house, he would have proceeded with deliberation."

"Mr. Williams," he adds, "did not know that he was a genius, till the people of England told him; and even

then he was not quite clear about it. He believed that what HE did was practicable by every one who would bestow the requisite effort." One who knew him even more intimately (Rev. W. Ellis), thus depicts his character. "He was richly invested with rare endowments for the high and holy enterprise in which his life was spent and sacrificed. . . . Among the rare endowments which he so richly shared, the most conspicuous were those that were most practical. The love that all hearts cherished for him is the most unequivocal evidence that benevolence and love were among the ruling feelings of his own bosom. His abilities, natural and acquired, his wide-spreading range of aim and action, his admirable and uniform identification of himself with the people, blending inseparably their advancement in everything important and valuable with his own satisfaction and happiness, and his subordination of all attainments, influence and efforts, to the extension of the Gospel, and the spiritual benefits of the people, combine to render him one of the most honoured messengers of mercy that the Church has sent forth, or the heathen world has received."

\* \* \* \* \*

In the year 1857, a Nova Scotian, with his wife, settled as missionaries in the island which had been stained by the blood of John Williams. At first they were kindly received, but, when the measles had broken out in the island, they were sentenced to die as having caused the epidemic. On the 20th of May, 1861, both husband and wife were brutally murdered by the enraged savages. With a heroism almost apostolic, Mr. Gordon's brother at once took up his murdered brother's work, and succeeded in securing the affections of those who had robbed him of both brother and

sister. But on the 7th of March, 1872, he also received the martyr's crown, being killed by a native whose child had died. Thus many have died for Erromanga, but their blood has not been shed in vain.

The death of John Williams was a noble close to his long life of service on behalf of the natives of the South Seas. It was the crowning and highest expression of the sacrifice spread out through all the years of his missionary career. He himself knew the risk that he ran every time he set foot upon heathen shores; but his passion for souls was so intense, and his devotion to his work so absorbing and overpowering, that he could allow no considerations of peril to hinder or prevent his progress. With the eagerness that men generally only manifest when seeking for gold, he craved for the eternal well-being of the degraded tribes of Polynesia. His journal bears witness not only to the ardour of this desire, but also to the fact that it was habitual to him. He lived, planned, suffered, and at last died, because he loved the souls of men. To such a man all the race is under the most weighty obligation; he unmeasurably lifts the tone of even Christian morality, his unselfishness, his sincere piety, are an inspiration "as if an angel shook his wings." Such men are the choicest gifts of mediatorial grace; they are gospels, and should be to us revelations as to what God can make of a man and do with a man who will yield to His Divine influences and Grace. Above all things, such a martyrdom lays a perpetual obligation upon Christians to continue the forward movement, until all nations shall serve Him, all people call Him blessed.

"AND THEY GLORIFIED GOD IN ME."

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